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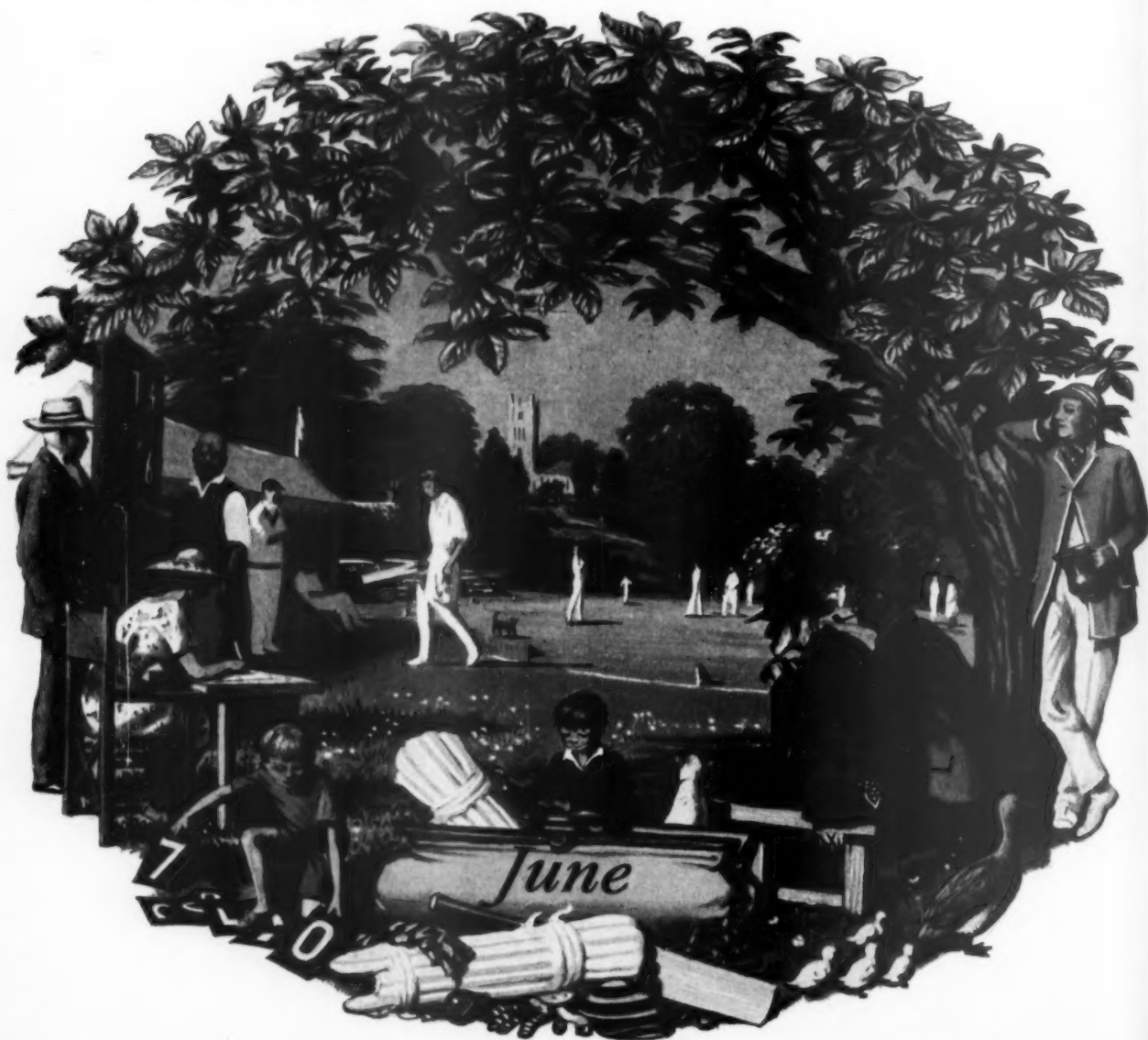
Punch

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Life's simple pleasures

We may be a nation of shopkeepers. We may have "... sixty different religions and only one sauce". We were ever misjudged abroad. But a nation which could produce both the game of cricket and so many delightful settings for it cannot be wholly bereft of the finer sensibilities. We are, of course, singing the praises of village cricket. Is there anything which, on a fine summer afternoon, can give so much quiet pleasure? We know of nothing. And your enjoyment does not end with the close of play. When stumps are drawn you wander into the village, in search of refreshment and there, very likely, you will see also a branch of the Midland Bank. This, when you come to think of it, makes sense. Life is not all cricket. The flannel'd warriors of Saturday afternoon will be back to work on Monday and villages, no less than towns, need banking service and business advice. So the local manager of the Midland Bank is something more than the Hon. Treasurer of the Cricket Club. He is friend and adviser to the whole community. In this capacity he faces many problems. But, we are happy to report, he has never yet been bowled out. And seldom, if ever, is he stumped.



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The London Charivari

THE latest issue of *Korean Survey*, a magazine published here by the South Korean embassy, should be an amusing souvenir for the Republic's ex-president, Dr. Syngman Rhee, and Madame Rhee, who suddenly flew to Hawaii "on holiday" after he had been accused of misappropriating twenty million American dollars during his twelve years in office. This issue contains a photograph of Dr. Rhee after his "landslide victory" in the March election (riots ensued), an article praising the Republic for the way it used dollar aid from the United States and the United Nations, and a photograph of Dr. Rhee's good friend, General James A. Van Fleet (retired), former commander of the Eighth U.S. Army in Korea, beaming as the Rhees, symbolically, I thought, blew out the candles on a large cake. But the feature of the magazine that ought to afford the Rhees their driest chuckles is "Korean Lesson No. 17," giving the Korean for "I am sorry but there is none." The cake is eaten and the eaters have gone.

No Kamikaze Spirit

I DON'T know whether the new road safety idea from Sweden will catch on over here: wives are apparently



giving their motorist husbands little pictures of themselves to fix to the dashboard as a reminder that a piece of

disastrous driving has repercussions on the little woman at home. Sir Miles Thomas, bringing this news back, didn't refer to any cases in which a sudden vengeful impulse had brought on a piece of disastrous driving.

Another Mystery

NOW and then grizzled respectable employees stand at intervals along the bus-route from my home to the office writing notes on a pad. They are presumably making a snap check of the



timing of the buses or something, and there is nothing odd about that; what is odd is that they always wear regulation blue serge uniforms with civilian hats. Are they in disguise? Is this the approved turn-out for route-checkers? It is quite likely that there is a simple explanation; but how about this—the other day one of the men stood at Sloane Square without a hat at all; and at the corner of Pimlico Road and Buckingham Palace Road stood another with one Trilby hat on his head and another in his hands.

Incombustible Assets

AS rightly pointed out, the National Coal Board's deficit of more than £22,000,000 last year did not give the real picture: "there would have been



"You're going to ruin a perfectly good cricket match, damage the good name of umpires everywhere, and do precisely nothing to improve race relations."

a surplus of about £3,000,000 but for such costs as the stocking of unsold coal," which amounted, I see, to about £25,000,000. The only audits I have ever assisted at (in the French usage of the word) are those of publications, so the parallel I find easy to understand is that the loss on, say, the old *Morning Post* was more apparent than real because the carefree printers blithely ran off a million or so unsold copies which cluttered up a lot of space in the warehouse.

What's in a Name?

WHATEVER may be the motive behind the *Daily Mirror's* curious campaign for revealing the identities of journalists who write under pseudonyms—and incidentally I wonder how they came to overlook old George Cloyne of *The Times*?—it is having some very odd effects. For example, what is the historian of the future to make of a column headed "William Hickey" and bearing the label "This column to-day written by Ian Aitken"? I suppose he will conclude that by the second half of the twentieth century the words *william hickey* had been adopted into the dictionary, like *mackintosh* and *boycott*.

Hold Your Fire

EAGER though I am to acclaim any Cape Canaveral ironware that actually gets into orbit I still wasn't entirely happy to hear of America's success with the two-and-a-half-ton Midas rocket-spotter. It's all very well talking about a "super-cooled infra-red eye" picking up the flash of enemy missiles, but the mechanics of the thing must be somewhat complicated, and anyone who has ever had a look inside a simple tape-recorder, or even glanced over a motor-car wiring-plan, knows how super-cooled and infra-red *his* eyes can get. However, Midas is said to promise half-an-hour's warning of the first shot in any H-war. I suppose this just about gives time for a double-check of some kind.

Fair Play for Snakes

IT is impertinent for a layman to challenge a distinguished Swedish herpetologist, so I readily accept the assertion of Mr. Carl Edelstam that among the 25,000 adders he has scientifically computed (by card-indexing photographs of their heads and necks) as inhabiting the New Forest is one that he quickly identified, three years after it had bitten him, on a return visit. These facts emerge from a Forestry Commission leaflet. Apart from biting the hand that card-indexes



"And then, heaven help us, there's teaching."

STATE OF THE UNIONS

A new series of articles analysing the purpose of the trade union movement in the modern world starts next week.

Contributors will be:

SAM WATSON
GRAHAM HUTTON
GEORGE WOODCOCK
JO GRIMOND
THOMAS BALOGH
WOODROW WYATT
LORD BIRKETT

you (sociological survey teamsters affect me like that, too) I have always felt that reptiles have had an unfair press, especially in this "snake-in-the-grass" sneer, as though it would be altogether more sportsmanlike to come out into the open rock or gravel and be killed.

Sitting on the Fence

PROFESSOR R. N. BRACEWELL of Stanford University says in *Nature* that it is possible that a space-ship from another planet may have been in orbit round the earth for thirty years, trying to get into communication with us. Thirty years seems rather a long time for this problem to have baffled people clever enough to have brought a ship here from outer space, I must say; it seems to me more likely that they already know all about us and are waiting for some vestige of agreement between our great powers to make it safe for them to come within rocket-range.

Forward to the Retreat

THE enterprising development of solitude as a wayzgoose amenity has suffered a temporary setback from a fuddy-duddy court ruling against the installation of a coach road and bathing beach at Walden Pond, near Concord, Mass., where Thoreau mused and hoed his beans. But this is without prejudice to pending campaigns for Crusoe Isle Cruises with Friday and his Mandoliers; the Butlin Camp that's Different, with real clay and wattle cabins in a guaranteed bee-loud glade; Tristan da Cunha Welcomes Good Mixers; and Why Not Wander Lonely as a Cloud with the Helvellyn Skiffle Marchers?

— MR. PUNCH



Norman Mansbridge

ROAD SYSTEM

AMERICAN ATTITUDES



*The writer is on the editorial staff of
"The Economist"*

11 DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY - By KEITH KYLE

I THINK most statements on the whole do harm," observed the Prime Minister, questioned about an American statement. "The difficulty is one has to try to make them and do the least possible harm in doing so." Such candour about the avoidance of candour would not do at all before a Congressional committee, organized as it is like a Bank Rate tribunal in permanent session to supply contemporary American politicians with the privileges reserved elsewhere for the next generation's historians. Two of these are now getting down to serious research on "The Anatomy of a Classic Snafu"; one on the flight of the U-2, the other on the broader question of why it is more difficult for the different parts of the American Government to pursue one foreign policy than for the different parts of the NATO alliance.

Americans take their democracy neat; being naïve, immature and all that, they believe that if the public is to be told about anything, *a fortiori* it ought to be told about the two subjects, foreign policy and defence, which will decide whether or not the public is to be abolished in vapour. The alternative method which, since it is pursued by the British, is sophisticated and mature, is not to tell the public much about somersaults like German rearmament and let it remain emotionally hostile to the country's official policy.

The American democratic faith is that public opinion must be right if its representatives are given "all the facts and let the chips fall where they may." If public opinion is wrong, *ex hypothesi* the last bushel-load of facts must have been absent-mindedly mislaid—or some slippery fellow in the government is covering up his mistakes by running amok with a "top secret" stamp.

But, observes cynical foreigner with curled lip, "the people" is a cover-name for the Lobbies and the Pentagon. Let us look the Lobbies straight in the eye and test for perspective. Since there are two "governments" in Washington, one in the White House and the other on Capitol Hill, many foreign countries naturally take the precaution of opening diplomatic relations with both. The typical embassy to Congress

consists of one or more legal-cum-public-relations firms which present their credentials to the Attorney-General for registration on the roll of foreign agents.

Such Congressional embassies are great purveyors of free speech—i.e., speeches supplied free for delivery by an obliging politician on the floor of the Senate or House. Nobody listens to the speech, since in the Senate nobody will be there and in the House everyone will be there talking to his neighbour. But a marked copy of the Congressional Record containing the speech looks good to the lobbyist's foreign employer. It justifies expense accounts. The deals are elsewhere.

Latin countries have an exceptional flair for these techniques. An experienced observer of the American scene once remarked to me bitterly that the late Senator Pat McCarran, the gamblers' friend from Nevada with the splendid statesmanlike white hair, was "too stupid even to be able to read the speeches which the Spanish Embassy writes for him." But the implication was wide of the mark. McCarran was the Senate's all-time champion fixer. Who but McCarran could have slipped so deftly those pro-Franco riders into the foreign aid bills or that special provision in every immigration law



waiving all quota restrictions on the arrival of Basque shepherds?

Which brings us to the China Lobby. Of course there is, or was, such a lobby. It consisted of one man, now deceased, called Kohlberg, who imported silk and seemed to have unlimited access to Kuomintang gold. He was a reasonably effective lobbyist as lobbyists go. And as Franco had his Pat McCarran, so does Chiang still have his champion fixer in Senator Styles Bridges. But having gone along this far with the legend of the China Lobby I must make it absolutely plain that the reason that the United States does not recognize Communist China is much less opaque: it is that President Eisenhower, supported by practically all his advisers, does not think it is a good idea. Difficult though it is for the British to believe it, the Americans genuinely disagree with them over the question's merits.

If President Eisenhower wanted to reverse his China policy he could get away with it. Most Americans are indifferent to the issue, with a sentimental leaning towards non-recognition. All that would happen if Red China were recognized would be a howl of blue murder from Senator Douglas of Illinois and his Committee of One Million against recognition (which has never had anything like a million members), from numerous retired generals, and from the sort of conservatives who in Britain want to flog sexual offenders and in the United States spend their time campaigning against UNESCO and fluoridation (on the ground that they are both Communist conspiracies to drug respectively the minds and bodies of all-American children).

The Zionist Lobby is, given the large and strategically well-placed Jewish community in America, a much more considerable force. But during the Sucz crisis President Eisenhower called its bluff. He paid it no attention at all, at a time when a Jewish Republican was running for the Senate in New York. Despite America's firmness with Israel in the United Nations the Republican candidate won hands down.

The time has come also to look more narrowly at the sinister power of the Pentagon. Unquestionably the military play a major role in framing American foreign policy. However, it is not at all true, as everyone in Britain always automatically assumes, that every time American policy makes a lurch towards intransigence the Pentagon has taken charge. In the first place the Pentagon itself contains so many deep divisions of view on almost every subject that its pressures

tend to cancel each other out. In the second place the top civilians in the Pentagon sit much harder on top of the brass-hats than most foreign opinion imagines. For the first five years of the Eisenhower Administration, when the legend of Pentagon pressure was built up, the citadel of militarism was actually being headed by a semi-pacifist, Charlie Wilson.

Good Old Charlie's periodic wielding of the meat-axe at the expense of the pet projects of exceedingly powerful military and industrial interests, which did not look half as formidable when he had had a go at them, was grounded on the singular argument that more defences meant more taxes, which could only be sold to the American people by fabricating a war scare, which would be immoral. Wilson's unilateral disarmament got halted not because the power *élite* made things too hot for him but because the Russians tossed up Sputnik.

Thirdly, it is unfortunately a grossly over-simplified view of the Heath Robinson-like structure of American Government to suppose that foreign policy is just a tug-of-war between the State Department and the Pentagon. In the five-man Committee of Principals which is master-minding American negotiating tactics at Geneva, it was the Atomic Energy Commission, not the Pentagon, that was blankly opposed to trusting the Russians over the suspension of unverifiable underground tests. It was the Pentagon's spokesman whose persuasive advocacy carried the day for this concession.

Generals are thought abroad to be more powerful in Washington than they are because they are quoted so often on delicate matters. What critics do not realize is that much of this comment is dragged out of them by the relentless inquisitors on Congressional committees. Generals are constitutionally bound to give the benefit of their advice as much to Congress as to the President. The purpose is to avoid, not to encourage, the menace of militarism, on the theory that if military advice is spread out on the open record there can be no hole-in-the-corner conspiracy between the armed services and the President to subvert democracy.

These military hearings, like some of the hearings on foreign relations, are normally held in private, but the transcripts are released shortly afterwards in great batches of three or four volumes at a time, each of two thousand closely printed words. They will have been censored by the committee's own censor, who clips away enough of the top-secret stuff to avoid creating mass unemployment in the Soviet intelligence





agencies but not enough to involve Khrushchev in the distasteful necessity of sending a Russian U-2 over Detroit or Denver.

In short, the danger from the intervention of generals and other freelance foreign secretaries in the various extremities of American Government lies not in the strength of the pressures on the centre but in the weakness of the pressure from the centre on the extremities. This, paradoxically, is because throughout American life an elected person has immeasurably greater prestige than an appointed one—and in the Federal Government there is only one elected person, apart from that spare though currently fast-turning wheel, the Vice-President. "Ayes one, Noes seven," counted Abraham Lincoln in a Cabinet session where no one supported him, "the Ayes have it." That is correct doctrine.

The number one headache of every Administration is how to fill in the vacuum between the One and the Many—the One being the President, with the incomparable and indivisible prestige of being elected by the whole country but with only twenty-four hours in each of his days, and the Many being the huge departmental satellites, each revolving in its own elliptical orbit. Since the Department of State, like every other department, has no more than advisory status with the President, who is supposed to conduct foreign policy himself at the same time as he is conducting every other policy, it is hard to give it the primacy over all dealings with foreign countries to which the British Foreign Office is accustomed.

General Eisenhower has been trying to work a military staff system designed to enable him to skip reading newspapers except on Sundays, play golf frequently, and think about large problems in a large way without having his mind distracted by detail. Once a week he holds court with his assorted barons in the National Security Council. A Planning Board on which all baronies are represented prepares position papers in advance. Some experts say that this is the most effective way of conducting diplomacy between the departments. Others complain that the Planning Board's final product resembles nothing so much as the communiqué at the end of an international conference. A flattened-out potpourri of unresolved conflict is then, in this jaundiced view, hashed over in front of the President, endorsed with a few changes in wording and passed on in little better condition to the Operations Co-ordinating Board which is supposed to make sense out of it.

Whoever else may be satisfied with this way of doing business, President Eisenhower is not. He has let it be known that he has fresh thoughts on the subject, that they are drastic, and that he is saving them up for his Farewell

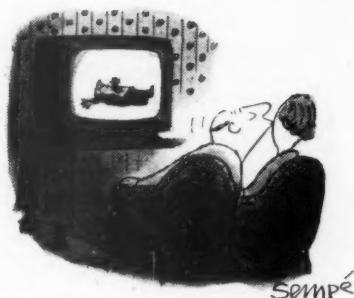
Message next January, which means that someone else will be expected to carry them out.

One major obstacle to knitting the President's half of the American Government together is that Congress's half is in a condition approaching the anarchist's ideal. President Eisenhower may propose an inspiring, positive new policy designed to rally all and sundry on the international economic front. But it will have to go through the multiple meat-grinder of four, six, or even, in an extreme case, eight committees operating in watertight compartments. Should it require money, as it almost certainly will, President Eisenhower's policy can be vetoed by Mr. Otto Passman. For the benefit of those not familiar with Mr. Passman's central role in the creation and projection of the American, nay Western, image in the cold war, let it be explained at once that he is the chairman of the Sub-Committee on Mutual Security (the posh name for foreign aid) of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, no less.

Mr. Passman has high blood pressure, a view of government which equates its problems with those of his refrigerator concern in Louisiana, and total recall for every figure ever published in a foreign aid account. He is also opposed to foreign aid in principle. Whenever complete deadlock is reached between the Big Two, Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Passman, Senators act as honest brokers. Behind closed doors compromise is reached—the stale old programme will go on in the stale old way and Mr. Passman's precious annual appropriation cycle, which makes any consistent and long-range policy impossible, will be preserved in aspic.

But Mr. Passman is not the only little giant whose role is not appreciated abroad. There is Representative John Rooney, from Brooklyn. Annually he saves the Republic from the mortal peril of having American Ambassadors whose combined pay and allowances should cover their expenses. Unless he is very rich on his own account the professional American diplomat is completely priced out of the Rome, Berlin, Paris, London and Madrid circuit. Our own man in Washington is far better provided for than the American Ambassador in London, whose entire expense allowance disappears down the throats of the local American community at one party on the Fourth of July. The only way of filling these posts is to give them to contributors to the campaign fund of the party in office, on the principle that a man who will pay to send a President to the White House will be prepared to pay a lot more for his own keep at one of the President's embassies.

Some wealthy amateurs have been first-rate ambassadors, making a fine contribution to the social and sporting life of



the country to which they have been assigned. But there have also of late been ambassadors who have made millions but whose minds were impenetrable, ambassadors who stumbled tonelessly through the speeches they too obviously had never previously seen, ambassadors with a compulsion to pinch the bottoms of Latin ladies, and ambassadors who applied in the situations of the utmost delicacy the small-town precepts their grandfathers had learnt on the frontier.

The situation was too serious, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee decided a couple of years ago, for the United States to be able to afford another Gluck. When quizzed by the Committee on his qualifications for and interest in his new job, the unlucky Mr. Gluck, who had been so happy to exchange horse-breeding in Kentucky for diplomacy in Ceylon, confessed he did not know the name of that country's Prime Minister.

Americans being quick off the mark, Senator Fulbright promptly assembled all the facts and proposed a change to realistic allowances. Representative Rooney, chairman of the House Appropriations Sub-committee which handles the regular State Department estimate, reached for his veto. His constituents would not be able to understand, Mr. Rooney asserted, why the taxpayers' money was being spent on whisky. Furthermore, Mr. Rooney must warn the State Department that if it knew what was good for its health it would move its French language school from Nice. Nice meant the Riviera. The Riviera meant sin. To cap it all, Mr. Rooney, ever alert for scandal in the public service, had been given to understand that student diplomats took wine with their meals when in naughty Nice.

The committees that deal directly with foreign relations have some sensitivity to the nature of diplomacy. But even they can be guilty of the cardinal error of attempting to legislate the details of foreign policy—thus, for example, fencing off the State Department by legal barriers from taking swift advantage of a political shift in Eastern Europe. But other committees, concentrating exclusively on domestic topics, are given to treading hard from time to time on alien corns. Then it is the State Department's painful duty to sound the alarm about international implications. Local politicians who have come hundred or thousands of miles to Washington to bring back the bacon to the home folks whose votes they need every other year, regard such intrusion as interference in their own internal affairs by an agent of foreign powers. For the average politician in Congress the State Department is the sinister backstairs influence which the Pentagon is for the average foreign newspaper reader.

It was this atmosphere of alienation that made the State Department such a sitting target for McCarthy. The American image of the American diplomat was totally opposite to the foreign image of him. To the average American his country's typical unrepresentative abroad was, and to some extent still is, a stripe-panted cookie-pusher who had had his all-American glands removed in his Ivy Leagued youth. He was what we British call "a nice American, with so little accent you would hardly know he was an American at all." To the foreign observer the typical American diplomat is a former mayor of a Mid-Western city who does not understand a word of the language of the country he is in, who wants to do good in a disastrous way, and who has a horse trader's appreciation of the opportunities for American business.

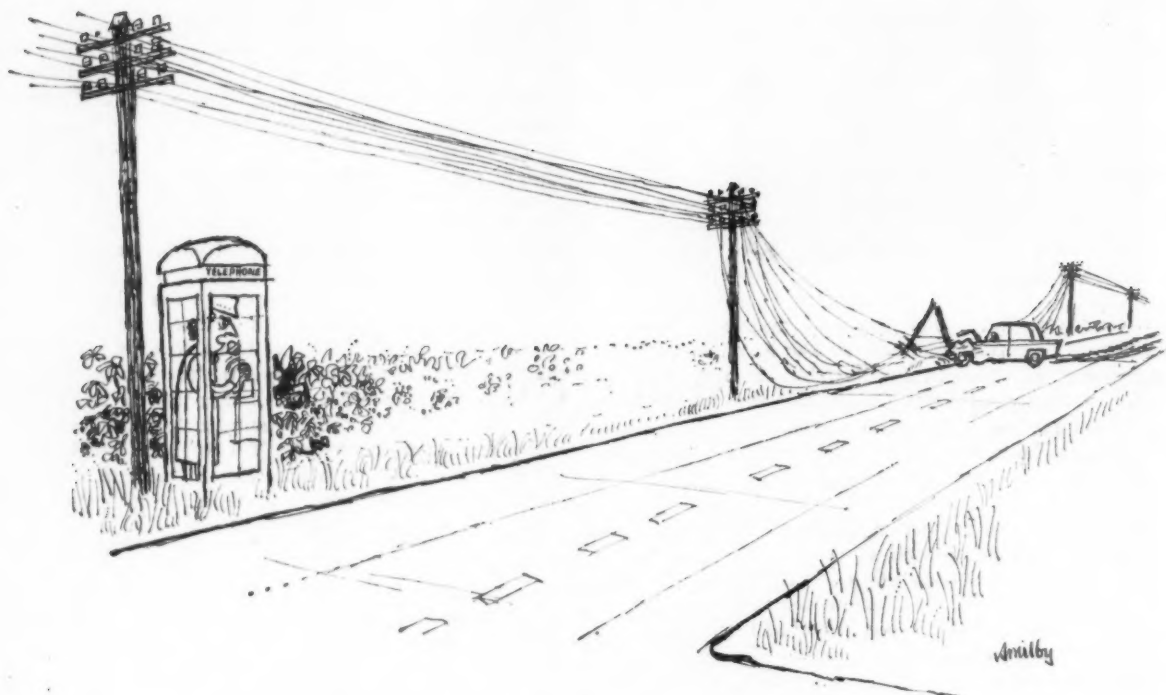
The American is thinking of the professional and highly skilled *élite* foresightedly built up in the 'twenties and destroyed by McCarthy, McCarran and Bridges just at the moment when Stalin's death offered unrepeatable chances to the daring and the sophisticated. The foreigner is thinking of the politically chosen amateurs who still turn up at second-level embassies where even the excuse of an ambassador's need for a large private bank-roll is lacking.

Since McCarthy there has been a great drive to naturalize the State Department and breed a new generation of more politically-acceptable professionals. Now it is easier for a South Dakotan without a language to pass through the interview boards of Foggy Bottom (the seat of "State") than a linguist from New York, especially if his languages include English but not American. One applicant I know about was told to go away for a year to the Mid-West and come back when he had picked up an accent. Next year he was tested for corn-fed nasality and exiled to the nation's heartland for a further course of linguistic hormones. The third year he was accepted.

But if the world-conscious State Department is becoming Americanized, is America becoming world-conscious? Yes. Isolationism is dead, dead, dead.

Americans are, however, bewildered by it all. For all the elaborate steps taken to keep them well informed they really prefer most of the time to have some sacrificial but dignified goat to do their worrying for them. General Eisenhower was born for the part. During the 1956 election campaign I talked to a leading farmer in the east of Oregon, a State comparable in size to Great Britain. One thing puzzled me: Oregonians were quite clearly going to vote at one and the same time for Eisenhower as President and for Wayne Morse, who had described the Eisenhower Administration as "the most immoral in the nation's history," as Senator. The explanation was quite simple. "We've gotten ourselves a good man down there in Washington to look after foreign affairs for us. Eisenhower knows the Russians; he's talked to them. But one man can't know everything—so we're sending Wayne Morse to look after the things where Eisenhower goes wrong—such as agriculture."

This is known as the separation of powers, or, less portentously, as Dickens's old firm of Spenlow and Jorkins elevated into a system of government. Mr. Spenlow the ideal American diplomat, trying out his brand-new American accent, has a role to play in the world—to be the perfect impartial mediator between all un-American Governments, and Mr. Jorkins, the "intractable" United States Congress.

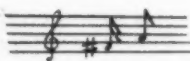


" . . . Hello . . . Hello . . . "

Therms and Quavers

By ALEX ATKINSON

THOSE of us who are insufficiently familiar with the processes involved in the destructive distillation of bituminous coal for commercial and domestic purposes may have learned with only a moderate sense of wonder that at a recent scientific display somebody has demonstrated a method for the remote control of a gasworks by musical notes transmitted over two normal telephone wires. To the rest of us the idea of an intermittent-vertical-retort-superintendent dialling a secret number, playing



into the mouthpiece of his oboe, thus releasing another four tons of coal into the oven by gravity (for I am not referring to those fire-clay *horizontal*

retorts with the cast-iron mouthpieces), and then returning to his drawing-room to resume a game of bridge, seems positively awe-inspiring.

It has been obvious for a long time that a gasworks *should* be controlled as remotely as possible, if only because of the smell; and since it is asking too much of any one man to shoulder the responsibility for the smooth running of an entire plant, it might not be a bad idea to organize evening classes in musical appreciation for all gasworks employees, so that they may be ready for the day when the various members of a gasworks staff, lying at home in their various beds with telephones and oboes handy,* will be able to keep the

whole complicated system bubbling and hissing merrily away with no more than an occasional carefully timed A flat or a brief selection from the scale of D major. Only the most confirmed Jeremiah would start speculating at this stage about the possibility of gasometers exploding right and left on account of crossed lines or wrong numbers or faulty fingering in the upper register; it goes without saying that adequate safety measures have been built into this fascinating invention, and I have no doubt that orders are piling in at this very moment from gas undertakings all over the country.

It will be eerie, but that's the twentieth century. Picture the scene at midnight in the deserted shed where the Wet Purifier stands like some dull, shackled monster. Suddenly from a dark corner there comes the imperious

* One thinks immediately of an oboe in this connection, although a recorder would probably do the job just as efficiently, at considerably less cost to the consumer.

ringing of a telephone. Wiping the sleep from his eyes, there now enters a man in clean overalls. (There will have to be this man, you understand, because if the remote controllers keep on getting no reply the whole conception becomes a mockery. This man will not have to be a member of the Musician's Union like the rest, for it will be no part of his job to handle an oboe.) "Hello?" the man will say, lifting the receiver. "This is the gasworks speaking." Then, clear and resonant in the still air of the shed, there will sound the notes D, A flat, G, in three-four time. There will be a faint clicking noise behind the Wet Purifier. A Great Big Tap will slowly turn. There will be the sibilant rush of gas as it begins to pour in from the Exhauster next door, still contaminated with traces of hydrogen sulphide, carbon dioxide, carbon bisulphide and ammonia after its adventures in the Hydraulic Main across the windswept yard. "Message received," the man will say. Then he will put down the phone and go back to his camp-bed in the rest-room. And so all through the hours before dawn the gas will come flowing in finely divided streams through the ammonia liquor in the Wet Purifier,* its hydrocyanic acid, carbon dioxide and hydrogen sulphide (being acidic) all combining with the ammonia to form non-volatile salts. And so into the silent Washer, through an outlet pipe into the Heater, round the corner into the Purifier, and finally up into the vast Gas Holder itself, there to await the moment, soon after six o'clock, when the first drowsy frying-pans are banged on to gas stoves all over the district.

Certain of the more elaborate processes (the discharging of coke from the vertical chamber into the coke car for transference to the Quenching Tower comes to mind) will probably require something more complex than arrangements of single notes played one after the other, and it seems likely that both the guitar and the church organ will eventually have to be pressed into service. A great deal could surely be accomplished in a gasworks, for

* The ammonia liquor having of course been introduced half an hour previously by an operator in the suburbs rendering the first five notes of the 'cello part in Beethoven's quartet in A minor, Op. 132 (posthumous), from a public call-box.

example, by a sustained chord of F major, or even a verse and chorus of "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll." But the most intriguing aspect of this whole business is the amount of time and trouble it will be possible for the humble consumer to save once he has got the hang of the *Musical Code (Gasworks) Accounting and Servicing Sections*. A simple three-minute call and a few nicely-judged taps on the youngster's plastic dulcimer will be enough to make it clear that you

have reason to believe the man has been reading the wrong meter and you refuse to pay for all the cubic feet gobbled up by the people in the flat upstairs leaving their bunsen burner on all night because their dog is afraid of the dark. A carefully modulated rendering of "The Ash Grove" on a tin whistle will bring a fitter and his mate round post haste to see about the rumble in your geyser. And how pleasant it will be to receive a Demand Note played upon the flute!

I Don't Think, Therefore I'm Not

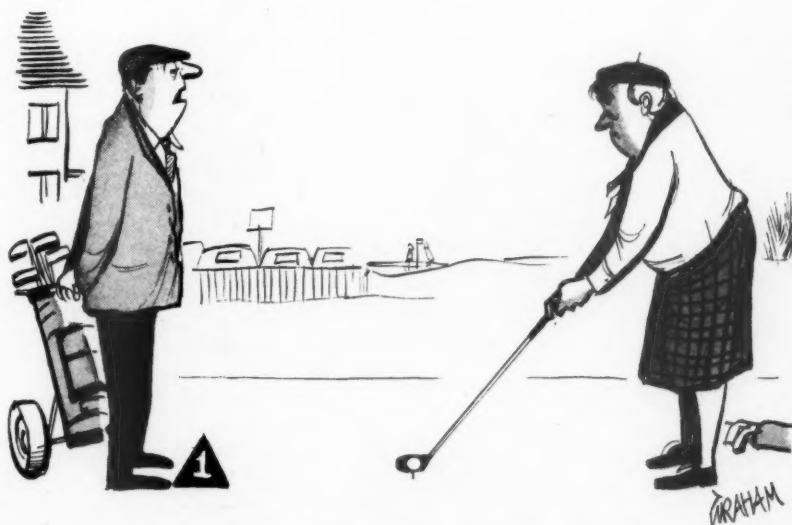
By H. F. ELLIS

THE man with his back to a transistorized process control computer at the International Exhibition of Instruments, Electronics and Automation was not so svelte as a car salesman, nor so wide as a church door, but I thought he would serve.

"Tell me," I said. "These little lights that keep flickering on and off all over the front of a computer—what are they for exactly?"

His reply contained the word "monitoring," of which technologists are inordinately fond, but was in effect an admission that the lights did nothing but show that the machine was working.

Not that I cared one way or the other. The truth is that my primary object was to confound the man by showing him that I was not such a fool as he thought, and to do that I had first to make him think that I *was*. This kind of deliberately planned exhibitionism may be indefensible, but I am not concerned with that. The business of a writer is to present life as it is, not to gloss over its darker side, still less becloud it with purely subjective moral judgments. I had gone to the Exhibition at Olympia solely in order to pose as an ignorant, utterly non-technical Arts-side rubber-necker, lure some demonstrator into



"Head well down, nicely balanced on both feet, not too much right-hand pressure, firm . . ."



offering me one-syllable explanations, rock him unexpectedly in mid-sentence with a couple of technical terms, beat him to his knees with a casual reference to Chomsky or Kulagina, and finally roll him right up by outlining a few of the latest developments in his own field, of which, with any luck, he would not have heard. Nothing so humiliates a technologist as to be battered about the head with his own mumbo-jumbo.

Part One of this programme presented no difficulties. In any attempt to make a scientist think you an ignorant fool you can count on his earnest co-operation. He has pretty well summed you up before you open your mouth, and a single hesitant question about "those little lights" or "that kind of lever thing" confirms the diagnosis. He slips easily and at once into his "Do

you know what I mean by negative feed-back?" routine.

For Part Two I relied almost entirely on *An Introduction to Machine Translation*, by M. Emile Delavenay, which, with the insatiable curiosity of the layman who is not such a fool as he looks, I had read the day before. This book had two great advantages for my purpose: it dealt, in an intelligible way and without ever slopping over into mathematics, with the general principles on which computers work and the current theories on the analysis and breakdown of language, phonetically, semantically, morphologically, syntactically and even syntagmatically, to fit it for machine processing; and it had not yet been officially published. It was also rich in satisfactory names, such as Ljapunov, Zarechnak, Mel'čuk,

Mološnaja, Chomsky and J. K. Zipf (with whose Law of polysemantic word-frequency the reader may not, I fear, be familiar). I had reason to hope that with ammunition of this calibre in my locker I could make short work of a demonstrator whose mind, to judge from the display cards on his stand, had never risen above straightforward data processing, conversion of digital output to analogue signals, or fast response radiation pyrometers.

My plan, after the preliminary softening-up exchange about flickering lights, was to introduce in a tentative, deprecating kind of way the subject of automatic translation. The demonstrator, knowing little about it, would pooh-pooh the thing with an aloof smile, saying that a great deal of work remained to be done before machine translation even approached the commercial stage. I should reply that I thought I had read somewhere that development was now far beyond the stage of simple word-for-word translation. "Is it not true," I should say, "that machines can already be so programmed as to examine and process the input not word by word but phrase by phrase or sentence by sentence; that, instead of translating each word as presented, the machine follows a series of sub-routines designed to establish its grammatical and syntactical employment, checking the preceding and following words for meaning or inflection as necessary, and only when its precise meaning and usage in the context have been established sending it forward to the synthesizing organ of the machine where, by a somewhat similar process of trial and error, its correct equivalent in the other or 'target' language is established, placed in its proper sentence-order and finally released on the output side?"

"Well——" he would, I rather hoped, reply.

"I believe it was Victor Yngve," I should continue, watching with considerable pleasure how his eyebrows were being processed, "who first pointed out the fundamental importance of equipping the machine with a separate memory-store or 'dictionary'—whether of the magnetic drum or ferrite core type you will be able to tell me—for polysemantic words, in which it would be programmed to search for all words not identified in the main dictionary of invariants and polysemes.

Of course, at about the same time Panov and Bel'skaja were working at the Institute of Precise Mechanics and Computer Technology of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. on somewhat parallel lines—"

At about this point I expected the man would crumble and suggest that if I called back after lunch his colleague might be able to help me. But if he clung on, or tried to rehabilitate himself with technicalities about binary codes or variable capacitors, I intended to hit him really hard with Zipf's Law and follow up with some pseudo-humble question about Razumovskij's work on programming.

It was a good plan, and I am still uncertain why it never got beyond Part One. Perhaps I subconsciously mistrusted the ability of my memory-store to produce Zarechnak and Mološnaja and the rest as programmed. Perhaps I had a change of heart. But I think a more likely reason is that the demonstrator proved to be so pleasant, so free from contempt and even arrogance while I was still in Part One, and spoke so clearly, intelligently and above all so hearteningly about computers that I was content to remain the fool that he never hinted he thought I was. He addressed me from the start almost as an equal. He was concerned to explain that computers and electronic "brains" are essentially simple things. He took the fear and mystery out of them. He made it abundantly plain, even to a fool of a layman, that a machine, however complex, that does nothing but register, store, cancel, switch, add, subtract, and finally disgorge various groups and combinations of plus and minus, negative and positive, magnetized and non-magnetized, does not and never will *think*. All the thinking has been done for it in advance by the man who worked out the "programme." If the machine carries out what look like logical processes, that is only because—and M. Delavenay makes this point emphatically too—we have hitherto mistaken for "logical" processes that are purely mechanical.

It gave me great comfort to reflect that if an electronic brain were capable of self-analysis in the manner of Descartes it would have to come to the conclusion that it did not exist. Of course as computers successfully tackle more and more complex tasks—and M. Delavenay

doesn't put the translation of poetry *into* poetry beyond them—we may have to admit that more and more of our logical processes have turned out to be mechanical. If *all* of them meet that fate in the last analysis, why then Descartes (and the rest of us) will have

to rethink—re-process rather—his basic proposition. There is no risk whatever that machines will ultimately turn out to be human, only that humans might conceivably turn out to be machines. But even then somebody still had to do the programming.

No Rubbish, Please

By E. S. TURNER

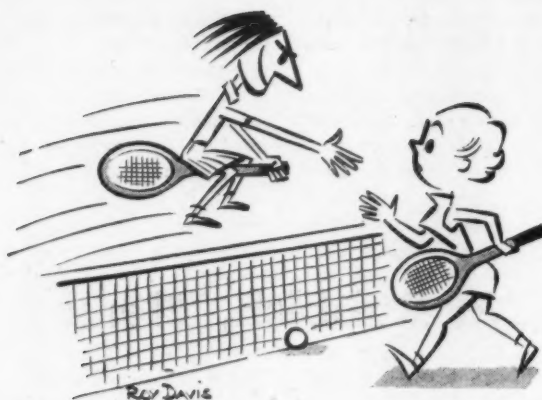
AT any given moment, the number of citizens who are willing to hand over a motor car in return for a batch of pregnant chinchillas must be small; even smaller, I would say, than the number of persons prepared to exchange a tape recorder for an unfinished course in super-salesmanship. But, thank goodness, lovers of simple barter are still with us. They find, and make, their opportunities in the columns of *Exchange and Mart*, that admirable organ in which our grandfathers traded pianolas for smart cobs and our great-

grandmothers offered canaries for bishops' autographs.

Among to-day's offers I notice a disturbing tendency for an advertizer to say, "No rubbish, please" (eventually this will be printed as n.r.p., just as "or nearest offer" and "what have you" appear as o.n.o. and w.h.y. respectively). It is understandable, I suppose, that a man who offers his wife's new spin-dryer for a two-seater canoe (presumably after a good deal of nattering about holidays) does not want to be fobbed off with a craft which will



"When I need your help, I'll ask for it."



sink a couple of yards from shore; the domestic situation is tense enough already. Equally, a man who offers a fortnight's caravan holiday at Filey in exchange for a portable grinder wants a real chrome-plated job which will make his family feel they have not forfeited their holiday for nothing.

These columns, it will be apparent, are not run purely for the exchange of *bric-à-brac*, unless *bric-à-brac* is held to include fish-and-chips ranges, plots of land and council houses. Yes, council houses. There it is, with a Gravesend address: "Exchange three-room council house for similar, South-East London." Well, there's no harm in trying.

After all, clergy used to exchange livings in these very pages. In the 1860s they would insert announcements like this: "Exchange: A living in Derbyshire. Good family parsonage. Garden. Stabling. Income £323. Views, sound evangelical. South coast or Isle of Wight preferred." A parson in Staffordshire was willing to make a financial sacrifice so long as he could get "a living on a gravelly or limestone soil," evidently not caring whether the local sentiment was evangelical or Fifth Monarchy.

The clergy of England were among the first to see the possibilities in the exchange columns. They offered alms bags, cassocks and pocket communion services and accepted carved oak finials and Durham B.A. hoods. Some slight mystery surrounds advertisements like the following: "An original manuscript sermon sent weekly. Country produce, free of carriage, taken in exchange"; and "Sermons written upon any text, for game and poultry. Correspondence strictly private." Were

these the offers of hungry but literate laymen, coveting the rector's resources? Or did they come from hungry clergymen, envying richer, idler clergymen with gardens and coverts?

Military gentlemen did not, apparently, try to exchange regiments in these columns, preferring to use the *Morning Post*, nor did doctors swap practices here. Under "Scientific, Medical," however, an attractive variety of goods was offered, as for example, "Child's caul, has been at sea for over twenty years. Open to good offers of jewellery or useful things." A number of cabinets of homœopathic medicines found their way into this section, and so did second-hand surgical instruments, skeletons, portable vapour baths, *irrigateurs*, "a wooden leg, never been used," organic vibrators and all the riches of the electrical healer.

Hobbyists, of course, were the backbone of the barter trade. They drifted, with unaccountable abruptness, from one enthusiasm to another: "Wanted, a good entomological cabinet in exchange for a set of assaying apparatus, containing platinum crucibles, brass spirit lamp and blow-pipe, quartz crushers, etc., in two japanned tin boxes"; "I want a machine for cutting and polishing pebbles. Exchange photographic apparatus"; "I have a Bunsen's voltaire battery with acids, copper wire, book of instructions by Lardner and pencils for electric light. Want a small fernery." Collectors of humming birds' skins expressed a desire to take up conchology; students of dried seaweed switched over to royal autographs; the man with a digitorium (a musical device) cast round for eccentric monograms.

Another busy section was devoted to

Music and Literature. The reader who sought to trade the songs "Far Away Where Angels Dwell" and "The Lord Will Provide" for "Those Precious Graves" and "Fading Away" seems to have struck a very fair balance. Less equitable, perhaps, was the offer of a single pheasant plume, mounted, for "a stamped edition of *Punch* sent every Saturday for six months." Another reader asked: "Will anyone send me a stamped *Punch* every Saturday for the *Saturday Review* a fortnight after publication?" and another thought the *Queen* and *Punch* were a fair swap for the *Court Journal* and the *Athenæum*.

It is a trifle odd to find refrigerators and washing machines being offered for exchange nearly a hundred years ago. We shall never know what a rich range of engines and appliances our forefathers enjoyed. What was Warner's water-barrow? All we know is that the 30-38 gallons model was regarded as a suitable exchange for Hancock's patent butter-presser plus a set of maps of the Universal Knowledge Society.

The financial section never really caught on, but now and then you would find a gentleman eager to exchange two shares in a screw steamer for a suitable quantity of wines and spirits, or five shares in the Universities Co-operative Association for a good pony. A citizen having a very large *bona fide* claim against the Crown was willing to exchange a £200 bond for produce or livestock worth half that amount.

Then, as now, there were persons who did not mind, within reasonable limits, what they got in exchange. A "handsome, curly liver-coloured retriever" was offered for "any good ornament for the drawing room"; a refrigerator ("cost £6") was offered "for anything." The phrase "or what have you" was not then current, but there were obviously many people who derived the purest pleasure from changing and changing their possessions so long as they got "something nice," "anything useful" or "something suitable to a gentleman."

Such persons manifestly still exist. Some of us may think it would be easier to sell off our pregnant chinchillas and then use the money to buy a motor car, instead of trying to find a car-weary motorist who yearns for pregnant chinchillas, but that is to lose the whole thrill of barter.

Modern Missiles Ltd.

By WILL OWEN

AT the second annual general meeting of Modern Missiles Ltd., held at Winchester Hall, the Chairman, Major-General S. W. Tyte, said:

The report I am presenting brings me great pleasure. Last year I could only report that work on the missile "Flash Back" had progressed more slowly than we had expected and there seemed to be no easy solution to the problems involved. However, those days of failure are past. Aided by a generous grant of £150m. we have been able to increase our efforts. "Flash Back" is now a reality, and it is possible to be amused at our previous attempts. Indeed, on the shop floor our workers have bestowed the ironic name of "Back Firer" on their failure. This is an apt indication of the height of our firm's morale.

This missile has a range of 3,000 miles, a speed of 2,000 miles an hour, accuracy to a hundred yards, and a destructive power sufficient to remove a city the size of Manchester from the map. All this will, I know, bring satisfaction to every member of this audience. Britain has placed its faith in the nuclear deterrent, and this new weapon must make any would-be aggressor pause.

The recent decision to establish a warning system in Britain is good to hear. But I must solemnly remind you that we are not the only nation which can possess such defences. In order to overcome these systems we are beginning work on another, more potent, weapon. It is to be called "Liquidator." At the moment work is in the early stages, but I can give an indication of the way in which our minds are working by suggesting that the principal objection to modern war is that it needlessly destroys irreplaceable works of beauty. This new weapon will ensure that in future wars only humans are destroyed. Work is proceeding round the clock, and, with another interest-free loan of £30m. it is likely to be finished this year.

Work on a defence against the

enemy's use of a similar weapon will start shortly.

During the year you each received a copy of our report "A Mission in Missiles," written as a result of opposition to our plans to take work to the under-developed parts of the country. Our cause proved successful and we now have well-concealed factories in most of the National Parks. Work has thus been provided for 500 people. We extend our thanks to those authorities who helped us and showed that there are still some who feel that the country's security must not be abandoned for a handful of hikers.

For some time we have been dissatisfied with the military toys which are available in the shops. Rifles and bayonets are now out of date and encourage unrealistic thinking. Our company is preparing a range of models of our products and these will be marketed in time for the Christmas trade. In addition we have prepared a liquid which, when shot from any ordinary water-pistol, will temporarily neutralize anyone it touches. We expect considerable sales of this novelty. These products will strengthen confidence in our defence as well as helping to produce a healthy balance sheet.

The export of our goods still causes concern. You will, I am sure, sympathize with us in this. In general only the home market is open to us, but representations have been made to high authority and a modest market with friendly countries should start soon. It is hoped that sales will amount to £350m. The possibility of building, equipping, and staffing factories abroad has not been very seriously entertained.

You will have noticed that from holiday to holiday there are marches and demonstrations by people who favour nuclear disarmament. These people inspire our deepest respect, even though we obviously cannot share their beliefs. If they visit our factories, we are prepared to meet them. Meals will be provided, and accommodation given for one night. This, we believe, is the

British way of doing things. We do not want to make their work unnecessarily difficult.

Finally, I wish to thank all our staff for their devotion and loyalty during the year. They have done well. The pension and profit-sharing schemes have been extended, the sports activities are thriving, and everything possible is being done to ensure that all employees are able to look forward to a long, happy, and healthy retirement. The library of recreational and cultural books has made a further purchase of rare specimens, and has received a hand-printed copy of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. We thank the anonymous donor of this book.

The dividend for the year was 67 per cent and there was a one for one scrip issue.

The report was unanimously accepted.



This Could Be Serious

"A strike over an allegation that a foreman swore at a builders' labourer yesterday was endangering a multi-million pound cake oven at Port Kembla, a trade-union official said to-day."—*New South Wales "Sun"*



AMONG Test match status countries the current rating is:

Australia
England
South Africa
West Indies
India
Pakistan
New Zealand

—which means that this summer's rubber is to decide whether the Springboks can bump England out of the runners'-up position or, if you like, whether England can hold their position as first challengers when the Australians are here next summer.

In recent years we have had to accept so many defeats in sport at the hands of

in mind, that the South Africans and Australians manage to give us a game?

I spoke recently to one of the more ample of McGlew's men about English weather and wickets. He was stiff, he said, especially round the shoulder-blades, and this he put down to some peculiarity of the Western Oceanic type of climate. "Can't understand it," he said. "We've only just finished our

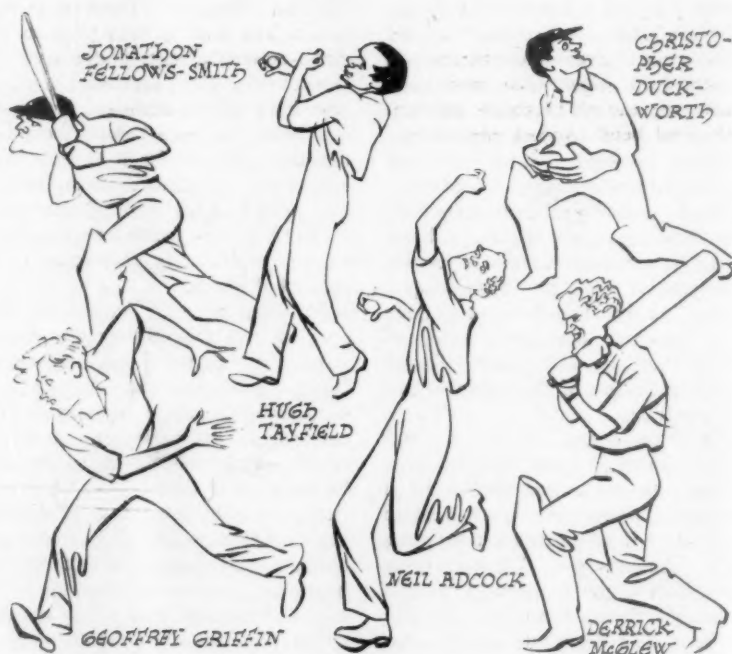
get into the game: they want to bat, bowl, field and if possible keep wicket and stand umpire. Every captain of a village, league or club side knows this. He has an embarrassment of all-rounders, and he has to be very strong-minded, considering the wealth of talent paraded before him each week, to get a bowl or a knock himself. Overseas, all cricketers are in effect club cricketers,

The South Africans

By

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

the Continentals, the Americans and the Australians (soccer, tennis, athletics, hockey, Rugby and so on) that we are apt to take our cricketing triumphs as compensatory gifts of the gods. Spain 3, England 0. Ah, but we can still beat the West Indies at cricket (just!), we can still trounce India and New Zealand. And, by golly, we can still give the Aussies and the South Africans a good game! But look closer. The rest of the cricketing world plays the game unprofessionally, during quiet weekends, while in England it is big business operated six days a week from May to September by a large and hand-picked collection of full-time experts. Isn't it more surprising, with this comparison



season in South Africa and we're all pretty fit. I can only suppose that there's some kind of rheumoactive fall-out in Britain." I asked him how often he played in the Cape. "Saturdays, and the odd inter-state game," he said. It is the same with the Australians—league games at the weekend and the occasional Shield match. No wonder it took Lindwall so long to limber-up for his onslaughts against Hutton and Washbrook. No wonder Miller used to bat in two or three sweaters in England.

Every time the Australians or South Africans beat us I find myself wearing an I-told-you-so look. My thesis is that English county cricket kills off all-rounders and that all-rounders win Tests. When cricketers cricket only at weekends they are desperately keen to

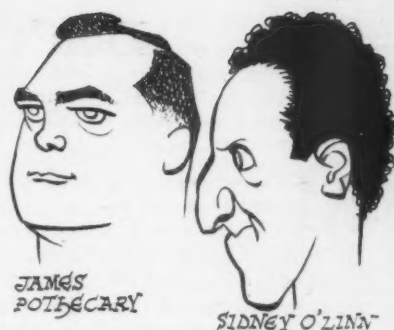
which explains Benaud and Davidson, Mackay and Burke, Miller and Lindwall, Sobers and the late Collie Smith, Worrell and Walcott, Goddard and Waite, Griffin and Tayfield, and so on. In England we play so much cricket that specialization is unavoidable: the batsmen bat, the bowlers bowl, and that's that. It is taken for granted by the spectator that the star bats will not bowl, and the appearance of a Hutton, Cowdrey or May with the ball (they bowl only ceremonial overs, of course) is a cue for rounds of nonsensical applause. It is also taken for granted that numbers seven to eleven in the order are Light Programme comics as soon as they emerge from the pavilion. "Good old Freddie! See some fun now!" And woe betide the poor

bowler if he fails to play his part in the pantomime. "Good heavens, the fella thinks he can bat. See that! Left elbow up and all that. Oh, very classy! Trouble with this fellow is his head's too big." But I mustn't run on so—until the South Africans have given me the excuse to buttonhole you . . .

McGlew's men, anti-Apartheid demonstrations or no, have so far given a very good account of themselves. All their batsmen have got runs, all their bowlers wickets, and all their all-rounders both. The critics, on the whole, have given the tourists the thumbs-down sign. Too many old-timers, not enough backbone, only one real speed fiend (Adcock *sans* Heine),

Some of the critics, it is fairly safe to say, will be proved right, but I am backing McGlew's men to break England's long run of home wins. The captain is one of the soundest openers in the game, with five Test hundreds to his name, one of them the slowest on record (nine hrs. five mins.). McGlew is all right: McGlue would be better.

The star bowlers of the team are Tayfield and Adcock—Tayfield, off-spin, and Adcock, fast. Five years ago Tayfield picked up 143 wickets on tour in England and in 1956-57 in South Africa took 37 England wickets in the series. Now that Laker has retired, in something akin to dudgeon, Tayfield is probably the most dangerous off-



to time he has played the bowling of Australia and New Zealand. McLean has been variously described as "the Golden Boy of South African cricket" and "South Africa's Denis Compton."

I could go on—who couldn't with an armful of guide books, brochures, souvenirs and annuals available?—but I want to get in a forecast or two.

England will win at least one Test.

Pothecary will take wickets.

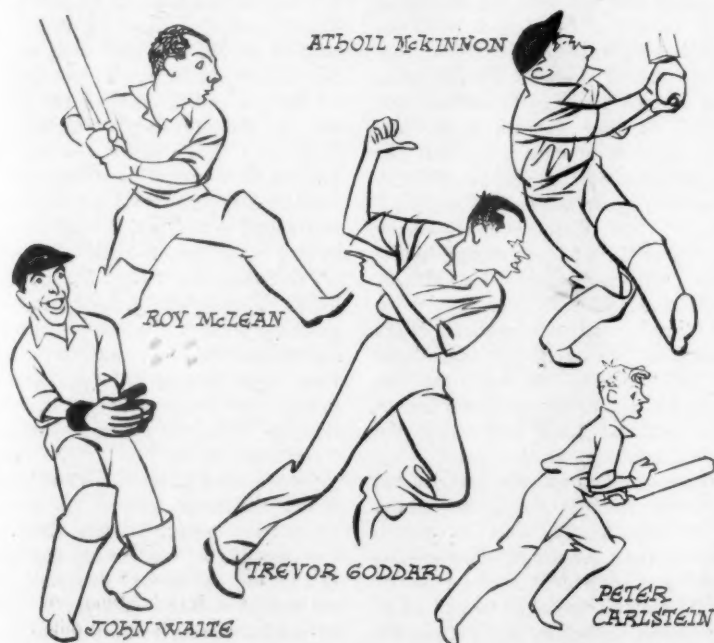
Waite will remain the best wicket-keeper-batsman in the world (or am I forgetting Parks?).

Pithey, Carlstein, O'Linn and Fellows-Smith will all get near to a thousand runs for the tour.

Wesley will take off a few pounds.

Adcock and Tayfield will take a lot of wickets, including those of Statham and Trueman.

England will remain runners-up in the world series.



only two spinners (Tayfield and McKinnon) and one of them over the hill, no googly merchants (South Africa, with Faulkner, Schwarz and Vogler was once the nursery of wrong'un bowlers), too many iffy, flashy batsmen (they mean McLean and Wesley), and too many second-raters. The second-raters are, I suppose, O'Linn, who not long ago was understudy to Godfrey Evans of Kent, and therefore played mostly for Kent seconds, and Fellows-Smith lately of Oxford and Northamptonshire. They have both, in matches against the counties, shown remarkable and first-class staying powers.

spinner in the business. At a party recently I put in a bit of high-grade spying for England, examining the Tayfield spinning finger minutely for tell-tale signs of abrasion, arthritis and general wear and tear. I have to report that the finger was in good shape—though curiously concave—and that its owner seemed distinctly proud of it. Laker, I may add, has let it be known in his book *Over To Me* that he and Tayfield are out of love.

The man everyone hopes to see in form is McLean, the modern Jessop. He hit 142 in the Lord's Test in 1955, an innings of pure joy, and from time



Don't Shoot the Accompanist

By R. SQUIRE

MY career as a professional singer ended on the first and last occasion that I worked with Mr. Hicks. I had the chance to sing at a concert and I engaged him by post to act as my accompanist. When the night came I was nervous because the audience included several critics of standing, whose favourable notice I most urgently desired. The tension grew worse when at the due moment Hicks was not at my side in the wings. There was no sign of him, no message.

I waited, agonized, but eventually had no choice but to go out by myself, intending to play my own accompaniment. At least they would be able to say it was a *tour de force*. Underneath the piano I found a small, chubby fellow in a brown suit, black shoes and bicycle-clips who acknowledged me with a cheery thumbs-up sign and explained in a loud whisper that the pedal was jammed and he would fix it in no time and a half. I took him to be an employee of the concert hall management but he introduced himself as Hicks, my accompanist, in a noisy whisper. Suddenly he mimed a painful heart failure. At the end of this performance he confessed that the sight of my *Soup And* had nearly done for him, since he himself had come as I saw him—in his best brown natty gents, he whispered.

I begged him to say no more, partly because I wanted to get on and partly because I feared permanent damage to the acoustics, so loud was his whisper.

He agreed that we should make a start, saying "Let's get the show on the road," and at the same time stamping hard with his foot. I drew breath to begin my favourite lied and glanced at him to see that he was ready. He was not. He was waving his arms at some person in the wings. The meaning of his signal was not clear and the stage-hand to whom his tick-tackery was addressed had to step out on to the stage in full view of the audience and wave back in such a way as to indicate that Hicks's meaning escaped him. Mr. Hicks did not at once grasp this but continued his obscure semaphoring. A gentleman at the front of the audience whom I recognized as an especially weighty critic, a Mr. Leonidas, kindly called out to Hicks "He doesn't understand you."

"I can't read my music," Hicks replied, addressing not the stage-hand but Mr. Leonidas. The critic was perceptive enough to see that Hicks did not mean that he could not follow the musical notation, which I confess had been my own first thought, but that the light was not strong enough to read by.

"He wants a light," said Leonidas to the man from the wings who was now standing at my side.

"Why didn't he say so then?" asked this person reasonably and got out his cigarette lighter as though to offer Hicks the flame. He then observed (and so did I for the first time) that Hicks was already smoking. Obviously he had still not learnt what Hicks really wanted. But at length it was made clear to him and he fetched an electric lamp.

I made ready to begin. But alas, Hicks's stool was not quite right. He spun it this way and that, seeking to support his spinal column in the fashion to which it had been accustomed, but the stool turned too coarsely for accurate adjustment, it needed a lower gear. There was nothing actually wrong with the stool, he confided to a lady in the front of the audience,

another eminent critic, it was all right for firewood. At last he got settled.

As I listened to the very first notes he played I felt something like rage come upon me. I clenched my teeth and balled my fist at the lovely melody he was playing. It was the wrong one, the last on my programme and not the first. It was no time now to remind him that I had posted him exact instructions about my list of songs, that I had told him to meet me behind the platform and not under the piano, or that I had clearly indicated how to dress. I stepped toward him with such menace that he ceased playing and looked up at me, forlorn and defenceless, for I am a big man and he is small. The audience evidently took his part against me, for I heard them muttering defensively. I reached out, gently took up his music, rearranged it and put it back in front of him in its correct order.

Perceiving that I was not going to batter him to death he took heart and gave me another thumbs-up sign. I concentrated on the beauty of the song I was about to sing, as he poised ready to play. But just as I thought he would start he turned to me and whispered "You came in late."

I knew what he meant. I had waited behind the scenes for him ten minutes beyond my proper starting time, not knowing that he was already out front. But I could not see why he should raise the matter at this juncture. It would be worth arguing later, but not now. Perhaps I looked a little angry again. In any event he seemed to need moral support, so he looked at the lady critic and asked "He came in late, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did," she replied. Encouraged by her assent he returned to me.

"I only allowed for you starting bang on time. Didn't know you'd be late. Trouble is I've got a session of *Rock And* to-night. I'll have to go. Daren't be late for *Rock And*. Might get razored."

With a last thumbs-up to the lady critic, to Mr. Leonidas and to me he left the platform. And with him went my career of song.





5. The Snark was a Boojum

ACCORDING to Mrs. Dyson's records, which are neatly kept on the blank pages of one of her old Rocean botany notebooks, eighteen separate and distinct kinds of unknown animal exist to-day in lonely parts of the world. Of these, nine kinds have actually been seen by men with powerful binoculars, two kinds have often been skinned and eaten by thoughtless natives, four kinds have been photographed (mostly running away), and three kinds are widely held to be improbable. As a matter of fact one of the latter group (the dreadful Olo) was considered up to the time of our expedition to Moradtsæ to exist only in the imaginations of Mrs. Dyson and a Professor Wilkinson, about whom little is known beyond the fact that he lives in a converted bus in Worcestershire and understands badgers. I was even dubious myself.

"Far be it from me to cast doubts at this juncture," I said to Mrs. Dyson, as we snatched the last solid meal we were likely to get for a month in a snack-bar in a side-street in Katmandu, "but if this Olo is only supposed to have three legs it is *bound* to be regarded with some suspicion. To take just a small point, why doesn't it keep on falling over?"

"Perhaps it does," said Mrs. Dyson, bending down to fasten the lace of one of her mountaineering boots. "But that's no reason to pooh-pooh it as a myth. You'll be telling me next you don't believe there are any shaggy-haired Ufitis in the rain forests near Nkata Bay on Lake Nyasa in Nyasaland,

which build tree-top platforms and are equipped with a high intelligence. You must remember that there was a time when people didn't believe in giraffes. Even when they *saw* one they were inclined to turn away and change the subject. As far as the Olo is concerned, I strongly suspect that it has *four* legs, but uses only three. When it reaches a further stage in the process of evolution it will probably use only two, and so on."

"This is certainly an interesting line of thought," I said. "You mean that eventually men and women and black-birds and suchlike will become one-legged?"

"It is not a proposition one cares to be too dogmatic about," said Mrs. Dyson. "Take your ice-pick off the table, the Nepalese are very particular about that kind of thing."

I suppose the first reports of the existence of the Olo to reach civilization had been brought back by members of Mrs. Dyson's own 1950 expedition to the north face of M2, the highest peak in the Kunpur Range, poetically referred to by the local inhabitants as He Who Has Snow On His Head. They never found M2 because, as Mrs. Dyson says, "We turned left instead of right at Darjeeling for some reason or other, and went trudging on like fools until we got to a place called Lhasa." Here there was some trouble about passports, and they were asked to go. It was on the way back that Greening and Lubbock, the meteorologist and the handwriting expert of the party respectively, strayed a little from the beaten

track one day and bumped into an Olo on a narrow ledge eleven thousand feet above sea level. It was sitting outside a cave trying to open a tin of beans.

I was rather surprised [so runs Lubbock's account, which may be inspected in the British Museum], and so I think was Greening, because we had not expected to find anything like this. We were looking for something we could wash our socks in. The creature was a little over six feet tall, with its head at the top. It was hairless. Its skin was of an ochre shade. It wore no clothes. When I threw a stone at it it clenched its fists and seemed to be saying something to itself. I could not catch the exact words, and neither could Greening. It had a round face, with blue eyes, pointed ears, flaring nostrils, and wisps of smoke coming out of its mouth. Its tail was bushy. When it got up and went away I couldn't help noticing that one of its legs seemed to be missing. It walked upright, but it was distinctly stoop-shouldered. Just before it disappeared round the corner it turned a cartwheel. We then picked up the tin of beans, rejoined the main party, and told Mrs. Dyson of the encounter. She said the beans had fallen out of her haversack and must have rolled down on to the ledge. She said "Thank you."

Greening's account, also in the British Museum, gives some further revealing details, as this extract will show:

The creature (for I can conceive of no other way to describe it) was just under four feet six inches in height, and was covered with long hair of a blue shade. Its face was square, and its eyes hazel brown; the nose was small, having pinched nostrils; there was no tail. It was wearing a rough jerkin or waistcoat, without pockets, and it appeared incapable of speech. It walked on all fours although it only had three legs, not counting its arms. Strangely enough, it had no ears. When we returned, Mrs. Dyson said Lubbock was an idiot.

As soon as the story of this meeting reached the newspapers similar reports began to come in from others who had travelled in the region, and it gradually became clear that something strange was afoot in the mountains. A lieutenant-colonel living in retirement at Cooch Behar said that he had seen dozens of the things back in the 'twenties. "They were smaller then," he said. A Pahrka* told the *Daily*

* Pahrkas are tough, wiry little people who live in a valley somewhere between Sikkim and Mount Dhaulagiri. They help people to climb mountains at a pound an hour. They laugh all the time.

Express Brahmaputra correspondent that the animal in question was undoubtedly an Olo. "The word Olo has no equivalent in English," the Pahrka said, "but you'll probably think of something." "How about Dreadful One?" said the *Express* man. "Sounds fine," said the Pahrka. People started to bring back Olos' footprints, clippings of their hair, recordings of their song, bits of furniture out of their caves, and all kinds of oddments. Four books were published about expeditions to trace the Dreadful One, and although none of the expeditions was successful each one of the books sold over forty thousand copies, which wasn't bad going. Olo dolls became available in the shops, in three sizes, and there was a horror film called *I Married an Olo*. Learned zoologists vied with one another in proving from the evidence available that Olos were a kind of deer, yak throw-backs, rogue bears, prehistoric monsters too horrible to contemplate, monkeys, and some lost climbers living off the land. A medium in Gravesend said there was only one Olo and it was his spirit guide, an old man who passed over in northern Burma during the Bronze Age. Olos were further positively identified by the editor of *Space is Real* as an advance party of evangelists from the planet Jupiter who were anxious to establish contact and set up a tent somewhere. "Do not hit them," this editor wrote. "They are made of crude neutrons, positive electrons and gamma rays, stuck together with a certain amount of protein. You would burn your fingers." One man said his wife had been captured by two Olos just outside Madras and he hadn't seen her for a fortnight.* There are not many natives of the Olo territory because the weather is terrible, but all those who could be found agreed that an Olo in good condition was more than a match for any three ordinary men or six Europeans. "We used to hunt the Olo," one native wrote to *The Times*, "but we didn't like the taste of it much, so we decided to hold it sacred instead. Any who come here looking for it must do so at their peril." A panda-trapper wrote a week later to say that this was

* This was later found to be a downright lie. His wife was in Manchester with a bookie all the time, and not one of the three of them had ever been near Madras. Also, Madras was reckoned to be much too far south for Olos.

nonsense. "The natives had never heard of the Dreadful One until it got into the papers," he said. "It is true they have a legend about a strange supernatural being that dwells on the mountain tops, but not one of them has ever actually seen it. They tell their children it comes down the chimney once a year in a long red coat. Perhaps that is your precious Olo." Some of the natives said they had seen Olos playing a game rather like draughts, and *The Times* said the correspondence was now closed. Finally Professor Wilkinson announced that he had studied all the accumulated data and had reached the conclusion that the Olo was a hitherto unknown species of animal. "As the weather in the mountains steadily deteriorated over the centuries, most of them left for the warmth of the plains, and were killed off by tigers. Some few, however, evidently remained and are still managing to bring up families. What they feed them on is beyond me."

I have never been sure whether it was this announcement by the Professor which prompted Mrs. Dyson to embark on her great Olo hunt, or the open offer of £5,000 (made on the very same day by an anonymous nature-lover) for the first genuine live Olo delivered f.o.b. to an address in the N.W.3 district of London. Whatever the reason, the hunt was on; and we had no more idea, when we rolled up our maps in that Katmandu café and lined up outside in order of march, that the anonymous nature-lover was going to turn out to be a twelve-year-old practical joker than that the Professor had changed his mind a few days after we left England and reached the conclusion that Olos were simply Communist infiltrators making their way down into India.

It was bitterly cold when we started, and it got steadily colder. I was very glad of my hand-knitted gloves. We had dispensed with native bearers on this trip, partly because we had nothing much for them to bear and partly because they refused to come. There were three of us—Mrs. Dyson, a Pahrka guide called something like Hum, and myself. From the moment we left Katmandu Mrs. Dyson insisted that we should keep ourselves roped together. ("I like to know where everyone is, on a job like this," she said.) For this reason if for no other we aroused a good deal of attention as we headed

north. People tended to think that we were slaves, and we caused some confusion as we threaded our way through crowded market-places carrying our slings, pitons, snaplinks, clasp-rings, Zdarsky sacks and rope stirrups. After about a week we reached the high mountains, and there was nothing for it but to start climbing. If the fact of our being tied together had been a nuisance on level ground* it now became a positive danger, for Mrs. Dyson, who always went first because she didn't trust guides, kept slithering into unsuspected gullies, and on several occasions it took the combined strength of Hum and myself to prevent her from rolling right back into East Pakistan.

We made slow progress for a fortnight, and I have an idea we conquered a number of peaks quite unnecessarily, Mrs. Dyson urging us on at the front end of the rope, waving her alpenstock in encouraging gestures when our chilblains were troublesome, and laying about her with it when we encountered wolves. At night we would either lie down in the lee of something and pull a bit of snow over us, or sleep in the outhouse of a lamasery, among the broken-down prayer-wheels and bundles of mohair. The scenery was magnificent: in fact my various journeys with Mrs. Dyson have taught me that the more miserably uncomfortable you get, the more wonderful is the scenery liable to grow, so that there usually comes a moment when you can't make up your mind whether to lie down and die or write a few stanzas of poetry. On this occasion, securely fastened as I was to the end of the rope, I had no opportunity to do either. I was dragged along for mile after mile, through lush valleys filled with the scent of rhododendrons and mimosa, in and out of bamboo forests, up slopes of one in three, across *arêtes* and crevasses and scree-covered hillocks, into thickets of michaelmas daisy, and over unimaginably desolate stretches of wilderness where the knife-like wind tears savagely at your oxygen equipment and everything that isn't tied on to you blows away. (Twice Mrs. Dyson, having stopped to look at the view, was turned into a pillar of ice and had to be chipped out and thawed.) We passed through the Abominable Snowman country, and

* We kept tripping up holy men, beggars and mahouts.



watched the curious creatures pushing one another into snow-drifts, their gleeful cries echoing among the mountains. We made friends with nomadic herdsmen, who put butter in their tea but who otherwise seemed very intelligent fellows, with a literary tradition (mainly short stories) dating back to well before the time of Srongtsangampo in the seventh century. And at last we reached Moradstse, the Mountain of Ghosts, the home of certain gods, where it hardly ever stops raining, and where the very ground you walk on is honey-combed with rich veins of borax, lapis-lazuli and iron pyrites.

"This is the place!" cried Mrs. Dyson, as we clung for dear life on an exposed traverse in a blinding snow-storm, with the wind shrieking in our ears and beneath us an eleven-thousand-foot drop to one of the turbulent tributaries of the Tsangpo. "This is where I lost my tin of beans!"

"It is becoming increasingly advisable," said Hum, "to sit down quietly in some sheltered place until the storm has passed." I could tell that he was worried. He had stopped laughing about half an hour earlier, and he was now well on the way to being inscrutable. I therefore persuaded Mrs. Dyson, shouting as calmly as I could at the top of my voice above the gale, that we had better humour him. We moved stealthily, inch by inch, hanging on with numbed fingers to such tiny, frozen projections as offered themselves, until after what seemed an eternity Mrs. Dyson, without the slightest hint of warning, gave a cry of consternation and fell headlong into a deep hole. Since there was no time for Hum to cut the rope, we naturally followed; and although she broke our

fall it was by no means a pleasant experience, for she had many sharp instruments attached to her belt, as well as a small iron kettle.

I think we must have slept where we fell for quite a few hours. The next thing I remember is lying on my back looking up at the moon, which shone down serenely into the hole. The storm had subsided. All was deathly still. Mrs. Dyson was sleeping peacefully, with her hand on her purse. In one corner Hum sat crouched over a little fire he had somehow managed to light. In another corner, watching me, there was a full-grown Olo.

I have never quite been able to make up my mind whether the difficulties we encountered during our search for the Olo were as heartbreaking as the trials of the journey back to England. It was certainly a nightmare trip. The Olo refused point-blank to be attached to our rope, and although Mrs. Dyson kept him on a lead he still contrived to cause us as much trouble as he possibly could. During the long trek down to Patna, where we picked up a train to Calcutta, he kept snatching up shrubs, bits of houses, unsuspecting yogi, washing hung out to dry, fruit, caged birds and unattended bowls of rice. Often he pushed people off their bicycles. At a political meeting near Muzaffarpur he sparked off a riot by leaping on to the platform and banging two Congress Party officials together. Still, once aboard ship he was easier to manage, although there was a certain amount of chaos on the night he escaped from his crate and mingled with the first-class passengers at a fancy-dress ball. By the time we reached London he was comparatively docile. He already

understood three or four simple words of command, and if Mrs. Dyson had persevered I'm sure he might eventually have begun to think about obeying some of them.

But Mrs. Dyson didn't persevere. The sad fact is that she lost heart, and I can't say I blame her. For the public's reaction to the arrival of a real live Olo in its midst was, to say the very least, disappointing. It is not advisable to bring home strange, beloved myths and prove them flesh and blood. We like to have some questions still unanswered. We will read about the dark insoluble mysteries of nature until the cows come home: but solve them for us and we don't care any more. The Olo smiled uncertainly from the front pages for a day or two, and disappeared. (He is living with Professor Wilkinson at present, and the odd scientist occasionally calls in to study him.) Somebody invented an electrically-heated carpet-slipper; a film-star ate too many drugs again; a definite date was fixed for a manned rocket-flight to the moon; life went on.

"I see they found an Olo," I heard a man say on top of a bus. And his wife said "That was last week. What do we want to talk about that for?"

Next week: Looking for Hubble

☆

"SNOW, ANIMALS

Sir,—I am wondering whether any of your readers, in the recent hard weather, have seen a natural snow formation as life-like as this snow dog; or is it a snow parrot?"

The Sunday Times

If the latter, ask it.





"It's for you."

The Sun Never Sets on Chlorodyne

By MICHAEL SISSONS

IN 1848 London was probably too preoccupied with news from the European barricades to give due recognition to a discovery which, if modest in origin and largely unheralded, was to have repercussions scarcely less widespread than those attendant on the *annus mirabilis* of Liberalism. For in 1848 Dr. J. Collis Browne, serving with the Indian Army, bequeathed the recipe for Chlorodyne to an as yet unappreciative world. Not a few of the triumphs of Victorian Imperialism can be ascribed to this versatile medicine.

I bought a bottle of Chlorodyne last week, and to this day, wrapped round the small brown bottle which reminds one of the phial which caused so much trouble in Anstey's *Vice Versa*, there is a leaflet which must over the years have given as much comfort as the remarkable remedy itself.

How reassuring it is initially to know

that Dr. J. Collis Browne was no fly-by-night quack. Far from it. He was "M.R.C.S.L., Ex-Army Medical Staff." Nor was he one lightly to foist on the public in the eleventh year of the Good Queen's reign a potion that had not undergone the most rigorous proving: no Salk vaccine this. "This world-known preparation was realized in 1848, but not introduced for public use until after prolonged trials." On whom were the trials carried out? one wonders idly. Mute Sepoys, sturdy Fusiliers in far-off Baluchistan? . . . "Ah, Carruthers, I think I have something that will take capital care of your Dhobi's Itch." And one's confidence cannot but be bolstered by the anchor which serves as trade-mark for the product, direct in its costive symbolism.

Thus it is with no small feeling of trust that one passes to the meat of the leaflet, and it soon becomes apparent

that this is no ordinary palliative, no circumscribed cure as our specialized age might produce. Dr. Collis Browne may be forgiven for allowing his customary modesty to lapse when he uses block capitals to emphasize the impressive list of properties of this veritable panacea. It is not merely ANODYNE, but it is DIAPHORETIC, SEDATIVE, ASTRINGENT, and last but not least ANTI-SPASMODIC. Still dazed from the absorption of the merits catalogued, the reader is not surprised to find that after taking the medicine, no matter if he be suffering from coughs, colds, influenza, diarrhoea, stomach chills, colic, or flatulence, he can first of all expect "a general heat at the stomach, succeeded by a general glow"; no matter if he be racked by bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough, neuralgia, or rheumatism, this will be followed rapidly by a "tranquil, composed state, with or

THEN AS NOW

The Military Party in Turkey was celebrating a victory over the Young Turk Cabinet.



A DOMESTIC TRIUMPH.

MILITARY PARTY (celebrating victory over Young Turk Cabinet). "AH! IF ONLY THIS WERE ITALY!"

July 31, 1912

without sleep." Finally, even if his waking hours have been a prey to laryngitis, spasms, fevers, ague, and tic-douloureux he can confidently expect Stage 3 ("regular sleep without coma, during which a favourable change takes place, while the patient can be aroused at any moment . . .")—if the Pathans attack, for example) to give way to the Elysian delectation of Stage 4, when his "small, weak, thready, bounding pulse" will give way to a "full, yielding, elastic, natural one," which will of course be "decreasing in frequency of

beats as well as resistance." The gamut runs from the slight cough, which rates a rather contemptuous 10 drops every 3 hours, to the purgatory of rheumatic pains, in case of which 40 drops may be taken "as necessary." One feels that the sheer mechanics of measuring 40 drops into a wineglass will exercise some therapeutic distraction from the most oppressive pain.

Expectant now after the confident yet restrained sentences of exposition ("blurb" would be altogether too irreverent a word for this Olympian

detachment) the patient will perhaps show unseemly haste in measuring, swallowing, and inwardly digesting his 10-40 drops. But if he can resist this quite natural impulse, and will turn over to Page 2 of the leaflet, any last, lingering vestiges of doubt about the efficacy of this time-honoured recipe must surely be dispelled.

From the far corners of the ex-Empire, echoing over the years, comes the testimony, the unsparing praise, rather more prosaically described by Dr. Collis Browne as "Extracts from Medical Reports, Etc." From places as far apart as Bombay (F. Manisty, Esq., Garrison Surgeon) and Spalding (W. C. Wilkinson, Esq., F.R.C.S.) the manly, unadorned prose pays its simple yet telling tribute. Few would question the word of James T. O. Johnson, Staff-Surgeon-Major and Principal Medical Officer to the General Hospital, Parkhurst, I.O.W., who in 1858 found the medicine "most useful as an anti-spasmodic," but the nasty-minded might hint at collusion when they find in 1859 J. McGregor Croft, late Staff-Surgeon to H.M.F., and an associate of Dr. Browne on the Army Medical Staff, getting his word in. Disingenuously he wrote: "Without being asked for this report, I must come forward and state my candid opinion. I feel I am in a position to testify to its valuable effects."

Who could fail to be stirred by the stark, dramatic prose of Dr. Gibbon, again of the Army Medical Staff, but this time from Calcutta, who remarked simply: "Two doses completely relieved me of diarrhoea." The brevity of Dr. Gibbon's pronouncement might well have been a lesson to the Rev. W. H. Major, when, a whit complacently, he took up his pen on April 27, 1892, in Risca, Monmouth. After stating the nub of his case in an admirably candid opening sentence ("I have used Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne hundreds of times in severe cases of diarrhoea") he destroyed the impact of this personal angle by indulging himself in a somewhat rambling discourse on "a great number of people" who "have spoken to me of its efficacy in the highest terms." And no account of the apparently universally appreciative reception accorded to this standby of the Army Medical Services in those pioneering days would be complete without

mention of the opinion of "W. Vesalius Pettigrew, formerly Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. George's School." With such a title, redolent of *Decline and Fall*, W. Vesalius's contention that "He was most perfectly satisfied with the results" must stand unchallenged.

If after this well-qualified if wordy barrage of approbation the sufferer still feels the most momentary uncertainty in some extreme corner of his soon-to-be-warmly-glowing bowels, perhaps it is because excitement seems largely to have been generated at executive level. Plenty from the Garrison Surgeons, the late Staff-Surgeons, the Hon. F.R.C.S.s, the administerers in fact: precious little so far from the recipients, apart from Dr. Gibbon (who, as a member of the Army Medical Staff, had some vested interest at stake) and the Rev. Major (who, for all we know, was mortifying the flesh).

However, in the final graphic paragraphs of this anthology, so short yet giving such a sharp picture of the tribulations of the Raj, of sweltering troopers cursing strange virtuals and dago agues, Dr. Collis Browne calls up his most telling allies, displaying a common touch which is as effective now as it must have been in Kipling's day.

First a word from Thos. Atkins himself (in this case Troop-Serjt. Rodgers, L/Cpl. Douglas, Tpr. Freeman of Kitchener's Fighting Scouts), prefaced by a harrowing excerpt from Cassell's *History of the Boer War*... "gaunter and gaunter grew the soldiers of the Queen. Hunger and sickness played havoc with these fine regiments. But somehow the R.A.M.C. managed to patch the men up with Chlorodyne and quinine." And, as an echo, came the concerted voice of our brave three: "With the privations we had to endure, I don't know how we would have got on without it. We returned home December 12, and have since forgotten to thank the man to whom I enjoy good health. May you live long to relieve suffering humanity, and may I live long to enjoy your confidence." One can imagine them in the public bar of the "Fitzroy," porter glasses in hand, compiling this original "Live Letter." How many times, one muses, were those sentiments echoed as the Soldiers of the Queen, with stiff upper lips and rumbling bowels, pursued the elusive

Boer and did sterner, vainer battle with those Victorian counterparts of Army Catering Corps Vienna Roast?

But the publicist's stroke of genius is yet to come, and what a *coup de grâce* for the sceptical it proves to be. For when could the British ever resist the recommendation of a popular hero, whether he be Billy Wright endorsing

the Conservative Party or Denis Compton using a hair cream? "Edward Whymper, Esq., the celebrated Mountaineer, writes on February 16, 1897: 'I always carry Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne with me on my travels, and have used it effectively on others on Mont Blanc.'" And long may we all do so.

Roseflakes

By A. H. BARTON

CRANMER and his wife and son and Purbright and his wife and son sat finishing their tea late one Sunday afternoon. A television set lay dormant before them. The younger Purbright made an announcement on behalf of both boys. "We intend to make a film next term," he said. "For this we need a ciné-camera and a tape-recorder. We thought my parents could buy the tape-recorder, and the Cranmers buy the ciné-camera."

"Couldn't you do a silent film?" Purbright suggested.

"The film is to be called Emergency Ward 9½," said his son. "The whole

action takes place in an operating theatre. It is vital that we have sound—laboured breathing, hiss of oxygen, *zzzz* of sawing—it's simply not a subject for a silent movie."

"Why not just a sound-radio play?" Cranmer suggested. "Discard the hackneyed visual setting—the white masks, the shining instruments, the rounded nurses—and riddle the imaginations of your audience with formidable sounds."

"Radio is strictly for the birds," replied his son. "I've never listened to it and don't suppose I ever shall."

Purbright and Cranmer exchanged



"I already have one, thank you."

glances. "You want something badly enough, boys, you save up for it," they said together.

The young Purbright sighed and asked if he might switch on the television set. "Roseflakes is about due," he explained, as he switched it on. "My special advertisement. Roseflakes," he said in a deep, creamy and dedicated voice. "Roseflakes . . ."

A second deep and dedicated voice joined in. "Roseflakes," the two voices said together. "Roseflakes, the graceful laxative." The picture appeared: rose petals tumbling down upon a row of gravely scampering Roseflake bottles. Tiny bits of Beethoven seeped from a distant electric organ. Somewhere a lovely woman sighed. "Only British roses, greenfly-free garden roses, are used in the manufacture of Roseflakes," chanted boy and advertiser.

"Come on everyone," said Cranmer, suddenly enthusiastic, and the whole roomful joined in. "Roseflakes, the persuasive, the gently nudging . . . Roseflakes . . . Roseflakes . . ."

The advertisement ended and a Marquis appeared. His right hand lay upon a large object on a table beside him. He was patently waiting for someone to tell him he could start talking.

"Marquis Mart," said the young Purbright. "Shall I turn it off? We don't get Roseflakes again until 7.23."

"No, please," said his mother.



"You should have seen the look that man in the Consul gave you!"



"You should have seen the look you got from that chap in the Bentley!"

"Kindly and able people, and curious objects."

"Friends, friends," began the Marquis, feverish with excitement, "here is our speciality Mart-spot. This tape-recorder, or whatever it is, works jolly well—all the engineers say so—and it's up for mart. All you viewers down there know the drill. Write up to me, offering something, anything, in exchange, and if we like it we'll get you along to the studio and up in front of the cameras and see if we can do a mart with you. Write to me, The Marquis of Bronge, Bronge, Bronge. I'll repeat the address . . ."

The young Purbright jumped up, switched off the set and turned to his father.

His father gazed up at him. "I have nothing I don't want. I travel light," he said.

His wife interfered. "Your shotgun," she said. "It's been in the attic all our married life. You haven't pulled the trigger since you nearly killed that boar in Albania in 1937."

"No," said Purbright, obstinately.

"It's in beautiful order. You spend more time chamfering it up than I like to contemplate."

"One day we shall own a little rough shooting and I shall spend every afternoon, with dog and gun, tramping over it, putting up the occasional hare and partridge. I shall become brown, lean, and ultimately grizzled—"

"Look what happened when you put up those wood-mice in the compost heap. It was I who had to go after them with a coat-hanger. You were content to admire their pink feet."

Purbright turned to Cranmer. "Small pink prehensile feet, little wild mice scampering up the pear tree against the wall," he said. He turned back to his wife. "But that has nothing to do with it," he said. "One day I shall—"

"I have a pair of ruby and emerald

earrings," said Cranmer's wife. "They were left to me by an aunt."

"Now somebody's talking," said Purbright.

The two boys turned to Cranmer.

Cranmer was non-committal. "They resemble teensy traffic lights," he said.

"Please write now," said Purbright's son.

"You realize," said his mother, "that the chances are one in 750; only one in 750 applications gets . . ."

The two boys were not listening. They were setting table, pen and paper before Cranmer.

Four Sundays later the two families again sat before the television screen.

"Roseflakes," they intoned in triumphant and expectant unison. "Dad's medicine, Mum's medicine, little Geordy's medicine—" and then, conforming precisely with the advertiser's confiding and homely tone as he came up close on the screen—"my medicine."

Cranmer had not joined the intoning. He was silent because he was about to see his wife on television. His wife had told him all about it: the hot lights, the careful rehearsing, the friendliness, the glasses of sherry. But now he was to see her.

The advertisement came to an end and there she was, the Marquis beside her. Cranmer watched entranced. She displayed the earrings in their little box; she put them on; the camera came up close to her left ear; she talked to the Marquis: "... the two boys ... making a film . . ." She was splendid, she looked splendid. The camera left her for a warming pan. Young Purbright rose and disappeared behind the television set.

"You were splendid," Cranmer said to his wife. "Splendid, splendid . . ."

His wife turned to him, white in the face.

"I was terrible," she said. "My voice"



"You should have seen the look that man in the Austin gave you!"



Hollowood

"You should have seen the look you got from the man in that Eagle 4!"



"I believe they're sure-footed."

—she searched for words—"the voice that kept up with a thousand Joneses. My hair! And did you see my ear? I never knew my ears..."

"Look," said young Cranmer, his voice cracking in his excitement.

They looked. A new object had replaced the warming pan that had replaced Cranmer's wife; and Cranmer saw that it was a ciné-camera. He reached across and turned down the sound. "Where's your shotgun, Purbright?" he asked. "Ha," he added.

The younger Cranmer brought Purbright the writing paper and the small table, and Purbright reluctantly began to write. "Roseflakes!" he said, swearing his most dreaded oath; and "Roseflakes," Echo answered from behind the television set where his son was playing back his first recording: "Roseflakes," the voices of two families were chanting. "Roseflakes... Dad's medicine, Mum's medicine..."

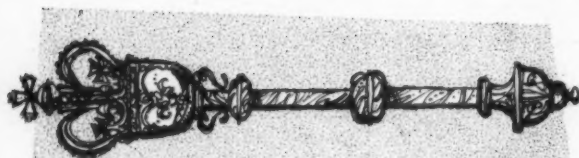
Sea Change

A proposal to build an atomic power station on the Isle of Wight is under consideration

IF life's origins lie in the salt and the spray of the oceans
 We are impious rather than stupid in trying to spoil
 The cold dark calm of the deeps with the blast of atomic explosions
 And the shallows with filth from the towns and the beaches with oil.
 Pregnant with plans and importance the experts are currently looking
 At an inlet they've found on the north of the Isle of Wight:
 Must "messaging about in boats" give way to the nuclear cooking
 Of the kind which provides us with not so much sweetness as light?
 Once you could sail up the creeks with only the seabirds calling,
 Or lie in the sun and forget there were cities and clocks—
 Now is there nothing to halt suburbia coastally sprawling
 But reactors, refineries, chemical factories, docks?

— ANTHONY BRODE

Essence



of Parliament

THE Summit debate was a rather frightening affair. The Prime Minister, as he opened it, spoke as if he had gone to Mr. Peter Sellers for schooling in his political oratory. "We must not waver." "We must not allow day-to-day turns

The Summit Report

and twists in the battle of words to influence basic policies." "We must be consistent." "Avoiding alike cynicism and despair, we must be patient." But in answer to his question "Where do we go from here?" there was echo alone—a not very powerful voice in the acoustics of the present Chamber—to answer "Where?" for the Prime Minister had certainly no answer to give of his own. Certainly he can never have made a less positive or a less constructive speech. There are two possible explanations of this. The one is that he privately thought that the Americans had played their cards ham-handedly, but, since the Western Alliance was the only thing that had emerged unscathed out of the troubles, did not think it prudent to say so. He preferred to say nothing. If this is the explanation it is intelligible. The other possible explanation is that, though not believing that the Summit would bring immediate relief for all our troubles, the Prime Minister had to some extent fallen a victim to his own propaganda and had come to some extent to believe that he had a certain magic personal touch by which he would at least begin to reconcile the otherwise irreconcilable. He had put his money on the horse, Personal Contact, and now when it turned out to be a non-runner in the Derby he had nothing to back. He was at his wits' end. He had nothing to say, nor had many other Members. Mr. Fletcher-Cooke was a mischievous little boy when he recalled the sort of hopes that many Members on all sides had been expressing about the Summit only two weeks ago.

Mr. Gaitskell who followed the Prime Minister was naturally—and properly—less inhibited. He did not spare the Americans in his criticisms and his criticisms may or may not have been justified. But the more justified the more confused the situation. For Mr. Gaitskell's policy of a N.A.T.O. deterrent with fifteen Governments having to be consulted in four minutes before the deterrent was loosed off, hardly makes more sense than the Government's policy. One could not well pass a harsher verdict than that. So, if we are to have the Western Alliance, then in fact we must be dependent on the Americans. It is merely a politer way of saying the same thing, and the more unreliable the Americans, the worse for us.

Mr. Nigel Birch was less inhibited still, and he made a speech whose main interest was that at first hearing it sounded like a criticism of Mr. Gaitskell but that on more consideration it was in reality a very much more powerful criticism of the Prime Minister. He started off by ragging Mr. Gaitskell as an

ineffectual Dr. Watson airing his improbable solutions for the Mystery of Mr. Khrushchev's Behaviour. (Rather good on this.) Then he turned on the Government's policy. No conference between heads of states has ever succeeded unless it has been properly prepared and has sat down to a definite agenda. A smack in the eye this not only for Mr. Macmillan but also for Sir Winston Churchill, who first raised the cry for a conference without an agenda. The Russians, argued Mr. Birch, quoting Sir William Hayter and Professor Seton Watson, are Marxists who think that our Western societies both ought to, and inevitably will, come to an end. They do not intend to make a world war to bring them to an end—not because they love

Less Talk Of the Detente

us but because they think that we are for it anyway. He was particularly scornful of those who talked about tension and the relaxation of tension and who thought these ups and downs of tactical language important. As Mr. Macmillan's speech had been on little else than the détente, this was a bit rough on him. Then there were the usual passages about Pavlov and Government by salivation that are to-day becoming almost of obligation. This was at any rate all coherent and probably true, but as to what should be done about it, Mr. Birch was no more clear than Mr. Gaitskell or the Prime Minister. In particular he had nothing to tell us about the dangers of a "war by accident." It was left to Lord Lambton to dot all the i's and cross all the t's of the attack on the Prime Minister.

I do not know that Mr. Noel Baker got us very much further with his suggestion that the heads of governments should go on meeting but that they should meet henceforth at the United Nations. The back benches were most united in their demand that China should be allowed in on all future talks. There was a whole catalogue of Members on both sides—Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Mr. Gardner and others—who urged this. Mr. Wedgwood Benn felt so strongly that he had even sent a telegram to Mr. Khrushchev about it. Mr. Yates had more modestly contented himself with thinking of writing a letter to Mr. Khrushchev to complain of his bad language. Mr. Wedgwood Benn would surely have been better advised to send his telegram to President Eisenhower, for the difficulty about having the Chinese in is of course with the Americans, and, if the Americans will not play, it is not easy to see what we can do.

Mr. Healey and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd wound up. The trouble about Mr. Healey's speech is that he seems to have fallen for the pre-Summit propaganda of the Conservative Central Office. Not for him Mr. Jack Jones's robust question to a Mr. Khrushchev who was not there to answer it: "Who the hell does he think he is?" Mr. Healey complained of the Prime Minister for not having maintained "the momentum that was leading to peace." But was there any such momentum? His plea for a strengthening of N.A.T.O. was more coherent than that of Mr. Gaitskell, for he did understand that the important weaknesses of N.A.T.O. at the moment were more political than military. All the N.A.T.O. countries at present have armies, but what can they do? The experience of Turkey has proved, as has been proved before, that they are strong enough to turn out their domestic governments. Whether they are strong enough to fight a foreign foe is more questionable. Our policy, said Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, is to stick to our policy. His grisly job has caused Mr. Lloyd to be well enough acquainted with all the documents in the case and he can trip up any who try to catch him over these. But a policy does not any longer seem to be a part of the business of a Foreign Secretary. He was obviously tired and his voice was cracking and he had to catch a plane to go to America. Everyone was sorry for him, but sorrow did not get us very much further. The Lords were debating whether dominoes was a game of skill.

—PERCY SOMERSET



Bouncy Yield Sweeteners

THE recovery in markets is once more causing yields on the leading ordinary shares to fall to exiguous figures. Philips Lamps, for example, which seem *de rigueur* in every international portfolio, give a meagre 1.4 per cent. Jaguars, which are in process of absorbing Daimlers and which as an investment are finding increasing favour in the United States, yield 1.9 per cent. That masterpiece of retailing efficiency, Marks & Spencer, give a yield of 2½ per cent at their current price. Tube Investments, another of the bluest of blue chips, yield 3½ per cent.

All these are first-class shares, and in deciding whether or not to sell them one might recall a very wise and nostalgic remark made by that experienced banker, Mr. Lionel Fraser: "I have lost more money by selling good shares when I thought they were too high than in any other way."

None the less, shares ought to pay for their keep. In any well-spread portfolio of investments there should be some shares which sweeten the yield. As sweeteners there is probably nothing more attractive to-day than an investment in good rubber companies. These are not shares to which widows and orphans ought to entrust the main, or even a large part of their investments, but in moderation they can in present circumstances be recommended.

The industry itself is in very good heart. There has been a considerable amalgamation movement among the plantation companies in Malaya, and the larger units that have emerged from it are much more worthy of the serious investor than were the small companies. With their larger financial strength these larger units can afford to spend the appropriate generous amounts for re-planting and for keeping the estates in efficient order.

The commodity itself continues in very good demand. The consumption of natural rubber keeps well ahead of the synthetic article. For certain requirements such as aeroplane tyres, which take a harsher beating than any

article made of this commodity, the formula is 100 per cent natural rubber. Soviet Russia produces no natural rubber and is a constant and increasingly important buyer in world markets.

The political conditions in Malaya have been enormously improved. The bandits have been thrashed. Not so far away in Indonesia is a standing example of the decay and disruption that occur to a country which flirts with the Left and kicks out the advisers of the free world.

In addition there are very generous yields even on the best rubber shares. More than 10 per cent can be earned on United Sua Betong shares whose chairman, Sir John Hay, will have a tale of success to tell at this week's meeting. Then there is Highlands and Lowlands Para Rubber whose shares can be bought to give a 9.9 per cent yield. The com-



Rhyme Not Without Reason

WHEN I was a child in the nursery my nanny used to sing me a jingle:

*When Yennon was a market town,
London was derry down.*

Yennon is a small but very bleak moor between Bradworthy and the North Devon coast. Local farmers burn the sour, dead grass every spring and run a few steers over it during the summer. It is no more than forty acres in extent. As a boy I rode over it scores of times and often used to look for signs of "the market town." But there isn't a brick on the whole moor. I came to the conclusion that local sayings can be without any foundation.

But last week I had to revise this somewhat. For another jingle I heard as a child was:

*When a cock crows in Hartland
It can be heard in Bude
When a cock crows in Yennon
Hens wake up in Stratton.*

pany's chairman, Mr. T. B. Barlow, pointed out in his recent statement that an increasing number of investment trusts and insurance companies is appearing in the list of shareholders. He also said that the new year has begun on an extremely promising note.

At the manufacturing as well as the plantation end of the industry spare a thought for the Dunlop Rubber Co. It is participating very profitably in the great motor boom. It is diversifying at a great pace. It is well established in the Common Market. Its chairman, Mr. George Beharrell, has recently said that the trading figures for the first quarter showed an advance on those for 1959. Add to all this the fact that the shares yield nearly 5½ per cent and you have what looks like a highly promising investment which will certainly pay for itself.

— LOMBARD LANE

Now as any map will show, Hartland is about twenty miles from Bude. And apart from the hamlets of Southole and Welcombe there isn't any habitation at all along the winding lane between them. I used to imagine an enormous and mythical *coq d'or* the size of a church: even then I couldn't understand how its crow could be heard above the Atlantic gale which is so much a part of this coast.

The meaning behind the nursery rhyme has just been revealed by the Electricity Authority. They have no department of Research in Myths and Fairy Stories, but they do wield a few crowbars.

When the workmen came out to set the poles which are to carry the mains cable along the road they found that wherever they tried to set their posts in the bank they came across masonry. Old slate floors and bits of walling were revealed, sometimes two or three feet under the foot of the hedge. Clearly at one time the road had been lined with cottages. Indeed, a cock crowing in Hartland then would have woken other cocks up all the way to Bude.

I am now wondering whether I ought to dig in Yennon Moor to look for the remains of a town which is older than London.

— RONALD DUNCAN



"I had had a few drinks, but I didn't mean to assault the constable. Far from it. I was just striking him," he said.

Eastern Evening News

Case dismissed.

CRITICISM



AT THE PICTURES

Black Orpheus
The Trials of Oscar Wilde
 Oscar Wilde

THE superb visual quality of *Orfeu Negro*, or *Black Orpheus* (Director: Marcel Camus) is probably what will strike most people above all, though the film is an explosion of light, colour, sound and rhythm most cunningly combined and made to interact on the reeling senses of the viewer. The scene of this modern adaptation of the Orpheus legend is Rio in carnival time, and by the end of it one feels almost as physically exhausted as if one had been there in person.

"But is that good?" you may well ask, and normally, disapproving of all devices to make the audience feel it is actually "in

the picture," I would say No. The simple fact is that it depends on the person. Some people may complain of having been battered into insensibility, but far more, I think, will actively enjoy the whole thing as a stimulating and certainly quite unique experience.

The usual trouble with a modern version of a classic legend is visible contrivance—when the personages are obviously behaving as they are because they have been fitted into an existing narrative framework, and not because they, the people we see, have the kind of character that would in the circumstances we see make them behave as they do. *Orfeu Negro* is not quite free from this objection, but the framework is basically so simple that it hardly matters. Anyone who knows or even has a vague idea of the original will take pleasure in

recognizing the references to it, but they are not artificial or distracting. Orfeu, a Negro trolley-car conductor in Rio, plays the guitar, and it seems quite natural that he should on occasion play to the animals (the cat, the dog, the caged bird, the chicken) that live in the little house of Serafina, whose cousin Eurydice comes to stay for the time of carnival. Eurydice is a gentler and more charming beauty than the aggressive, flamboyant Mira; but Mira has made Orfeu promise to marry her, and when Orfeu falls in love with Eurydice the tragic pattern is established.

And the little tragedy is played out—sometimes one has to use these clichés—to the incessant beat of carnival music, on a screen almost continuously alive with frantic many-coloured movement. The effect of the brilliantly interwoven sights and sounds is positively hypnotic. The things that stick in one's head are jewelled moments of detail, impossible to describe in a few words on paper. In fact I would say that the test of a real film is that it should be impossible to describe on paper; and this is a real film if there ever was one. It's an experience worth having.

It seems to me undeniable that of the two Oscar Wilde films *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (Director: Ken Hughes) is the better. I'm not thinking merely of obvious material points like Technicolor and Technirama and other evidences of greater expenditure. The whole structure, the visual design, the direction—more than anything else, the direction—and the playing (which inevitably depends very much on the writing) seem more satisfactory than they are in *Oscar Wilde* (Director: Gregory Ratoff).

To pin down some specific differences: first, although the dialogue of both pictures relies very much on epigrams from the plays and well-known anecdotes, and to that extent holds few surprises for the dwindling band of those of us who can read, in *The Trials* they are far better integrated, in far more naturalistic speech; the people might really be saying what they have just thought of saying. In *Oscar*



Oscar Wilde—ROBERT MORLEY

Edward Carson—RALPH RICHARDSON

with contemporary cuts

Wilde nearly everybody seems to speak in the same loud, strange tone and as if in turn. Second, *The Trials* is a real film, with varied scene and detail and a great deal of visual attractiveness; *Oscar Wilde* is stiffly, unimaginatively handled, with a little movement, and lit in the smooth artificial old-fashioned way. Third, *Oscar Wilde* avoids script difficulties by the slack device of off-screen narrative; *The Trials* is written (by the director) to tell its story in film terms, by direct speech and action. Fourth, Robert Morley in *Oscar Wilde* has little to do but fire off familiar epigrams (waiting for the laugh), show sudden uneasiness and fear under cross-examination, and look miserable in prison and in Paris; Peter Finch in *The Trials* has a real part to play, and is able to present a credible character with feelings. I found it hard to believe that anybody in the other film had feelings; it seemed utterly mechanical.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews.)

Three of the old Chaplin silent comedies ("A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms" and "The Pilgrim") have been put together, subtitles and all, as *The Chaplin Revue*, with the great man's own rather undistinguished musical accompaniment. A great deal of the old fun still works—most successfully I think in the earliest of the three, "A Dog's Life." Difficult to know, as I write, what else will be available in London, but don't overlook *Le Testament d'Orphée* (1/6/60) at the International Film Theatre.

Just one release to recommend: *The Mountain Road* (25/5/60—102 mins.), intelligent war film. — RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

Bachelor Flat (PICCADILLY)

BEING a man of fairly wide experience I have in my time encountered several plays as inept as *Bachelor Flat*. Some of them I have written myself, and it is a matter of great comfort to me that I have been spared the embarrassment of having them presented in the West End. The fact that Mr. Budd Grossman's friends and advisers did not persuade him at least to have another go at this comedy before allowing it to be let loose at the Piccadilly, and why they failed to perform this charitable act, must be added to the list of minor theatrical mysteries. Now they have learned their lesson the hard way by seeing the play taken off after four despairing performances. The story is of an Englishman in Greenwich Village in 1960 (he is about as typical of an Englishman in Greenwich Village in 1960 as one of Henry Arthur Jones's heroes) who gives shelter, without strings and for no fathomable reason, to a toothsome blonde teenager who has apparently run away from a reform school. He is then nervous lest his fiancée should discover his Awful Secret. (He is, in other words, an idiot.) His neighbour is a pathetic caricature of a caricature—the young American male who is supposed to



Mike Polaski—DENIS QUILLEY

[Bachelor Flat]
Libby Bushnell—EVANS EVANS

divide his waking hours between amiable fornication, daydreams about the same, and with drinking whisky because it is so manly. He is as quick with panting he-man sex-jokes as any schoolboy, and to make matters even more depressing he turns out to have a heart of gold. Before that is revealed he makes passes at the little girl, while the Englishman wetly dithers. This vibrant situation prevails sluggishly for two and three-quarter acts. The fiancée then arrives, and the author springs a jolly surprise which falls with a dull thud, followed by the curtain.

Henry Kendall produced this antique novelty with a surprising lack of pace, Evans Evans struck some authentic adolescent attitudes as the girl, Derek Bond faithfully made the Englishman as lively as a piece of cold plum-pudding, Denis Quilley banged out his awful lines without a sign that he might be ashamed of any of them, and Sean Kenny's set allowed us to see, through scaffolding, the grey and

astonished apartment houses of the surrounding Village.

In an interview with a newspaper columnist Mr. Grossman, whose first play this is, has explained that the English love a comedy, "though it has to be done on a broader concept than in America." The goings-on in *Bachelor Flat* shed little light on this sinister and enigmatic statement. They also render the implications of another statement ("Unfortunately I can't write anything but comedy") even sadder than they at first appear.

Recommended

A Passage to India (Comedy—27/4/60) E. M. Forster's novel brilliantly adapted. *Rhinoceros* (transferring to Strand—4/5/60) Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's satire. *Ross* (Haymarket—18/5/60) Alec Guinness in Rattigan's study of T. E. Lawrence. — ALEX ATKINSON

AT THE OPERA

I Puritani—Falstaff (GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA FESTIVAL)

FOR two acts I listened to Bellini's music with a wrinkling nose in the manner of a 1905 Wagnerian who, by mistake, had been dealt tickets for *Norma* or *Lucia di Lammermoor* (which are better Bellini than *Puritani* anyway) when what he expected was *Tristan* or *Götterdämmerung*. I asked for bread and received a funerary urn, pallid, elegant and very

REP. SELECTION

Theatre Royal, Windsor, *Sabrina Fair*, until June 18.
Playhouse, Sheffield, *The Grass is Greener*, until June 18.
Birmingham Rep., *One Man's Meat* (first production), until June 18.
Dundee Rep., *A View from the Bridge*, until June 11.



correct. In Act III the nicely-turned nothings of the score suddenly took on grandeur and bite. This Act brought to climax the cock-and-bull story which concerns a small Royalist leader in corkscrew curls and gold-trimmed breeches who falls in love with Elvira, a Roundhead maiden (warbled and trilled with splendid, chill alacrity by Joan Sutherland), and is hampered by a majestic brunette—Charles II's widow, as she turns out to be.

I would not have thought it possible to wring valid music out of Carlo Pepoli's *poesia*, as the programme calls it. The fact that Bellini contrived to do it intermittently does not mean that we are to swallow him by the caskful; but the neo-Victorians, abetted by a pro-Bellini text in Stravinsky's prose-writings which is being canvassed belatedly, will be requiring us to do just that any minute now.

Elvira, by the way, has a suitor from her own side (Sir Richard) as well as the Royalist one. Richard is sung by a Frenchman, Ernest Blanc, with a supple, ebony baritone that augurs well for his imminent *Don Giovanni*.

Glyndebourne's *Falstaff* has been with us for years; but the present performances are exceptional as marking the full maturing of Geraint Evans's singing and acting of the name part.

Evans is one of those operatic miracles which are the more wondrous for happening with us so rarely. I remember him at Covent Garden a year or two after the war, a raw young man from Pontypridd via the R.A.F. and small singing jobs with the British Forces Network. His first chance was as the Night Watchman in *Meistersinger*. He made his interminable circuit

of the blank stage in Act II and did his mock hornblowing in a sort of trance, unable to see, hear or think. When he came off into the wings he had to be stopped with a tap on the shoulder; otherwise he would have walked somnambulistically through the stage door and out on to the pavement of Floral Street.

In the aesthetic vacuum that was Covent Garden, he picked up a hint here, a notion there and, largely from his intuition, has evolved a unified technique of gesture, glance and Verdian phrase which makes his Falstaff a prodigy and joy. Despite odd extremes in Vittorio Gui's tempi, unlovely or under-potent singing by certain others on the stage and the usual ragged nonet performances in Ford's garden, I sat through the opening night open-mouthed and smiling. Evans has never seen anybody else play Falstaff. He has dug it mostly out of himself. That is the miracle's essence.

—CHARLES REID

ON THE AIR

Welcome Westerns

I SHOULD like to put in a word for "Gun Law" (A-R) just closed for the summer. This is practically the only Western series in which the commercial break comes as an irritation rather than a welcome breather. Unlike so many others, these films are consistently better than they need be, in writing, direction, photography and performance, and it has always seemed to me a pity that the standard opening and closing shots have to be of revolvers being fired, loaded, holstered. Despite the series title, the stories are only indirectly to do with guns; they deal with the interplay of character, and if that interplay is limited by the kind of characters likely to be found in Dodge City, at least it gets all possible scope within those limits. I imagine that the scripts are by many different hands, but somewhere there is a literary overseer who keeps the quality high, sternly rejects conventional saloon brawls and beatings, and smiles on passages of dialogue and action irrelevant to the plot but invaluable to the atmosphere and general credibility.

Apart from James Arness, Dennis Weaver and Milburn Stone—the regulars, whose weekly appearance I await as for that of an old friend—the "guest" (I suppose?) players frequently give near-virtuoso performances. Not that this gets them into the *TV Times* cast list. Under formidable whiskers the other week I detected John Abbott, presenting the unhammiest seedy old ham-actor-alcoholic a sensitive director could wish for, but no one else was to know. It's my recollection that he didn't even get a credit in the actual film. The same goes for the writer, or writers. Why on earth shouldn't their names be given?

For a quite different reason I should like to know the author or authors of the "Sherlock Holmes" films (also A-R). For

those unacquainted with the original stories they may seem on the whole unobjectionable (though even this no doubt vast section of viewers must wonder from time to time how Conan Doyle's creation ever caught on); but for the devotee they are sad travesties. All that seems to survive is the name of the great man, and a (for me) distasteful sprinkling of incidents out of the real stories; thus, in "The House of Fear" (seven men, mysteriously and horribly killed in a mysterious Scottish mansion... Holmes never let his criminals get so far undetected, surely?) the *Five Orange Pips* plot suddenly shows itself briefly; similarly, in "The Pearl of Death" (a famous jewel leaves "a trail of murders"), it dawned on me with slow horror that the mainspring of the story had simply been lifted from *The Six Napoleons*. If I knew who wrote these I could appeal to him, or them, to forget the original works entirely. To forget all but an unrelated five per cent is not, I feel, ethics. And, lastly, since Conan Doyle wrote fifty-six short Holmes stories, the least of them worth half a dozen of these base imitations, I hope there's some good reason why they can't be screened instead.

It may seem a little late to offer a word of thanks to Sidney Harrison for his three programmes at the piano, "Ballroom and Battlefield" (BBC), but at least we are all the nearer, I hope, to his next appearance. Mr. Harrison has the gift of communication which springs from his own delight in his subject. The arrangement of his material tends to be loose, almost at times untidy. I don't know whether this is intentional. I suspect not. But it has the effect of suggesting that he has come to sit at one's own piano to throw off a few clever and entertaining ideas which would, of course, need a lot of knocking into shape if he ever thought of presenting them professionally. And somehow the snippets of Liszt, Schoenberg, Schumann, Hindemith, Alban Berg, Gershwin and (for me) anonymous jazz, ragtime and pops which provide his illustrations never go on too long or stop too short. His last programme included an acutely observed impersonation of the NAAFI canteen pianist and one of those florid Fats Wallerish piano "arrangements" painstakingly read note by note. I've often wondered whether the classical pianist could make this sort of stuff sound right, and the answer is apparently no. Which Mr. Harrison freely admitted.

Once more the cricket commentaries (in their meagre half-hour dribbles) are with us. To-morrow, the first Test, and many an early train caught to hear Roy Webber being drawn in with his infinitely permutable statistics, to see Freddie Trueman thundering down the telescopic lens, and Tayfield's curious one-legged dance in absorbing close-up. British Railways, do your best. The man who gets home half an hour late to find stumps in the act of drawing will not easily forgive.

—J. B. BOOTHROYD

BOOKING OFFICE

ON THE SPANISH MAIN

By C. CONWAY PLUMBE

The Brethren of the Coast. Lieutenant Commander P. K. Kemp and Professor Christopher Lloyd. Heinemann, 21/-

IN the second half of the seventeenth century, when the Pacific Ocean was claimed as the private property of the King of Spain, Sir Henry Morgan, following in the footsteps of Elizabethan Oxenham, led a band of tough fellows through the fiery jungles of the Panama Isthmus with intent to seize Spanish ships and towns on the western coast and open half a world for plunder. By the same route there soon came others of a like persuasion; or the buccaneers' way into this fairyland of warm seas and easy robbery might be by the even harsher road, west-about round Cape Horn. Privateer, honest trader gone "on the account," kidnapped slave or openly avowed pirate, bearing His Britannic Majesty's commission to engage his enemies or just hoping to buy an easy pardon on coming home, their epoch persisted until the regular navy took over the task of policing the Caribbean and exploring the further seas where they had been. This book is a source-record for all their doings.

These sea-captains had some notable qualities in common. For one thing they were superb instinctive navigators. One and all, before the age of chronometers, when longitude was anybody's guess and latitude determined by the crudest of instruments, they seemed to feel their way blindfold to Panama or Chilean Arica or Juan Fernandez, pin-pointing their landfall even after months of dead-reckoning. They lived perpetually in expectation of mutiny and their crews were for ever roving off in small almost leaderless groups, groups that simply trusted to something turning up—an island stuffed with gold nuggets, a boat-load of saleable negro slaves, or the fabulous treasure galleon bound from Manila to Acapulco. One captain, Shelvocke, did indeed discover gold-dust in Californian sand—centuries before the gold rush—but unfortunately he lost his sample on the way home.

Inevitably they were a drunken lot with nothing much admirable

about them except invincible endurance and royal optimism. They died of scurvy, of too much brandy, of starvation, occasionally even of hard fighting; but surprisingly often they sailed clean round the world, coming back to write books, to accuse one another of desertion or cowardice, to stand trial for piracy and to finish up as country gentlemen. One of them became an archbishop, while Morgan himself, knighted, was presented with a snuff-box bearing a portrait of His Majesty set in diamonds.

From this chaotic thrusting out into the wide spaces there resulted not only the overthrow of a monopolistic tyranny but the real exploration of half the earth, the pioneering of the trails where Anson and Cook and Bougainville would follow, while even more surprisingly from these desperadoes' journals there arose a school of literature that remains with us to-day. John Dampier, for instance, whose discontented visage scowls down from the walls of the National Portrait Gallery, was a poor,

pusillanimous sea-captain, but he was a first-rate observer and he carried round the world with him in a hollow bamboo a diary that still lives; and indeed it is on the rough records half these fellows kept that our adventure thrills and surprises from Defoe to Forester are based. Robinson Crusoe appears here as seaman Alexander Selkirk who tamed his goats, grew turnips and read his Bible pretty comfortably alone on Juan Fernandez, where indeed an earlier Robinson, an Indian, had preceded him.

Without ever aiming at that descriptive intensity of technical detail of seamanship or battle proper, say, to a Hornblower story the two authors of this lively volume, Head of the Admiralty Historical Section and Professor at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, have worked together with complete success in handling an immense mass of genuine material. This is no mere compilation of hardy mariners' yarns but an authentic historians' epitome of an age of living adventure.

NEW NOVELS

Muscle Beach. Ira Wallach. Gollancz, 15/-
The Summer Grass. Stuart Griffin.

Cassell, 15/-

The General. Alan Sillitoe. W. H. Allen, 13/6

The Constant Image. Marcia Davenport. Collins, 15/-

You need only a quartet of novels from the reviewer's shelf to realize the range of fiction: to appreciate the potential diversity of its humour, style and talent. There are four novels at my elbow now. One is scintillating, one is cheap, one decidedly philosophical. And the fourth? Well, I'll just leave that till I come to it.

If you can imagine Groucho Marx involved with his two-ton heiress, with a double-take, a triple meaning and a couple of highballs in every sentence, you may have some idea of the style of *Muscle Beach*. This is a novel with a remarkable difference: a satire that has you chortling, chuckling and, at moments, rolling in the gangway. It is, to be more explicit, the confessions of Carlo Cofield, who escapes from the airless, dusty, delicatessen world of New York. He will no longer sell garish portraits of the President under Plexiglass, or religious statuary made of what looks like yesterday's meringue. He will away and go now, and go to Muscle Beach: to Muscle Beach, California, wholly populated by duplicate Miss Mansfields and their husbands: to Muscle Beach, where teeth are so white, and eyes so blue, and skin so tanned, and pectorals (or, rather pects and abs,

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



9.—MAURICE WIGGAN
Television, The Sunday Times

not to mention lats and glutes) are so developed that even Mary Webb would be satisfied. At Muscle Beach (where of course he feels like a white-worm city gent) Carlo meets his own Miss Universe. "I'm looking for a gambit," he tells her. "Where did you lose it?" asks Jocie, and they search together for it in the sand. They become lovers, Carlo excels at dumbbell presses ("Honey, I repeated two sets of ten reps each!"); and all goes well until Jocie confides that she wants six children. And then . . . ? You should read it for yourself. Quite a few stars in my Michelin.

To judge by its cover (strangely vulgar, coming from such a publisher), *The Summer Grass* is concerned, too, with pects and abs. And, in this case, the novel can be judged by its cover. Indeed, the whole *South Pacific* theme may be guessed from this one lurid picture: white man loves Japanese girl. This is a theme which deserves delicate treatment, and Mr. Stuart Griffin treats it in full. But I did find his treatment very cheap.

Mr. Sillitoe's book is also one with philosophical implication. His first two books were acclaimed widely and loudly; now, in *The General*, he scores a hat trick. He gives us another book which should raise cries of "Encore!" from pit and gallery. We are in an unlocated land, and a timeless age, and a Gorshek general captures a symphony orchestra on its way to entertain the opposing armies. Should the General shoot the whole orchestra, according to regulations, or should he save art in a universe relapsing into barbarism? Should he maintain art for art's sake or just discipline? Two philosophies are at grips, and the philosophical thriller ends as one hoped it would. It also confirms the author as a sober and decidedly powerful writer.

Miss Davenport's latest takes us back to the theme of international love: this time Italo-American. The Italian lover is Carlo Dalveri; and "ch, thought Harriet, he is simply beautiful. There is no other word for it." No, there isn't. "His skin had the ruddy bronze tint laid on by winter sun and wind and cold, he strode in as if on a sweep of mountain air, he moved with the grace of . . ." Ah well, ah well, ah well. And Harriet? "She had a most intriguing face, saucy and animated, the strong chin softened by a tender, sensitive mouth; and those beautiful American teeth!" Oh, those American teeth! But then she drank

the juice of two or three oranges, neat, every morning.

I thought I might curl up on the sofa, à la Little Sheba, and settle down to this with a box of chocolates. I can only say that the first few pages unnerved me.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

POET'S LIFE

The Buried Day. C. Day Lewis. Chatto and Windus, 25/-

This is the best kind of autobiography and by the same token it is the most difficult to write. The possessor of a spectacular physical or political career need only find an engaging way of recalling his exploits with elephants or trade union officials, but a creative artist, seeking to explain the development of his personality and talents, must voluntarily surrender to his readers most of his intimate thoughts and experiences. And in doing so has the problem of how far in this "search for his personal identity" he may involve others.

It is chiefly for this reason that the intellectual autobiography is so rarely a complete success. For either a door is slammed shut just as we might expect to be invited in or we have the unhappy sensation of being allowed to peep through a keyhole.

Cecil Day Lewis, who under-rates his achievement to the extent of describing it merely as "an essay in reminiscence," tells us "the most crucial and agonizing decisions I have been faced with have arisen from personal relationships. . . . To justify or condemn oneself in public is a squalid piece of egotism when it will hurt the living."

Fortunately for us his most formative years occur before this ban has to be imposed, so that two-thirds of his book are as unguarded and revealing as if he were talking to an intimate friend.

We are made free of his childhood when, showing no scientific curiosity about anything, "I just looked, absorbing such things (as chestnut flowers in the lily pond), receiving their nature—the pure essence of it—and storing them up for a purpose of which I could have no foreknowledge."

He grew up diffident, romantic, hero-worshipping, restless and intolerant, surviving the shock of immersion into public school and the greater shock of the break in his close relationship with his father, and at Oxford discovering the delights of friendship and putting on and discarding different personalities—"I even experi-

mented with my walk, and gave myself a fright one day when I found I could not remember which gait was my natural one. . . . But my personæ were nearly all tested against one measuring-stick—the idea of the Poet: I wished to live like a Poet, walk and eat and drink and think like a Poet, above all be recognized as a Poet."

At Oxford the mould was cast. Thereafter the serenity of his schoolmastering days, marriage, parenthood and his acceptance as a published poet follow as pleasantly and inevitably as the apples ripened in his orchard at Lyme Regis. There are engaging chapters on the "literary 'thirties," on the poet's romantic dalliance with Communism, bird watching and the Home Guard, and a postscript so endearing that one has an impulse to start Mr. Day Lewis's journey with him all over again for the sheer pleasure of continuing in his company.

—KAYE WEBB

LIGHT ON THE METHOD

Method—or Madness. Robert Lewis. Heinemann, 21/-

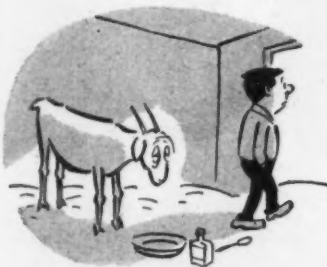
This is a fascinating book by one of Broadway's leading directors (in London, *Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Candide*) about the Stanislavski Method. What the Method isn't (slouching actors in sweatshirts, mumbling into their chins) and what it is: Stanislavski's attempt to isolate what he felt good actors were doing when they were good. *Method Fetishes*, "Truth" in *Acting* and *The Method Itself* are three of the headings, and there is an hilariously funny conversation between Stanislavski and Gordon Craig, both doggedly trying to communicate their different ideas for the Moscow Arts production of *Hamlet*. Robert Lewis groups the people who have heard of the Method into self-styled True Believers, Angry Knockers, Giddy Misconceivers ("Act an elm tree for us, Marlon, will ya!") and those who have a normal curious interest in the theatre. It is this last group he would like to enlarge, and he could not have done it better than by writing this stimulating, amusing, sane book.

—JEREMY KINGSTON

TOTAL LEADERSHIP

Khrushchev: The Road to Power. George Palocz-Horvath. Secker and Warburg, 30/-

At the end of this book Khrushchev remains an enigma. His youth has been



rewritten so often by Soviet archivists that one can only guess at the shape of the formative years, and his role in the post-Stalin rat-race of the *apparatchiki* is a bewildering chiaroscuro of limelight and smokescreen. But certain facts emerge: that Mr. Khrushchev is an ambitious man, a skilful negotiator, a toughie, a Stalinist and, increasingly, a dictator. Nothing in Russian politics is more interesting than the anti-Stalin movement of 1956 and the subsequent, briefly delayed re-emergence of Stalin's shadow to total leadership. As a chronicle of modern Marxism this book is invaluable. The delicate balance of the forces in the Kremlin fascinates like the innards of a watch—"On May 19, a few days before his Belgrade trip, a *Pravda* editorial referred to him [Mr. K.] as *First Secretary*. Up till then he had been just first secretary. A few days later . . . he was *First secretary*."

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

ENJOYABLE DIPLOMACY

Diplomat. Charles Thayer. *Michael Joseph*, 25/-

This is an enormously enjoyable account of diplomacy in general and the American diplomatic service in particular. Mr. Thayer hero-worships the experienced American ambassador, the man who knows both foreign countries and the slowly evolved procedures that regulate their relations. His villains are the Russians, Czarist and Soviet, who lie and threaten and break the codes in other ways; and Congressmen, who turn up in embassies demanding whiskey and keep reducing salaries and support the use of diplomatic appointments to pay off campaign debts.

Mr. Thayer provides even funnier stories than in his previous books, but this is primarily a serious study, though never a dull one. It is full of sharp-flavoured facts and its admirable prose has the sweep and passion of a good pamphlet. Sir Harold Nicolson's introduction calls it "informative, sensible and witty" and, as usual, he is right. The account of the unfortunate American who had to show Tito and his guerrillas a set of devices invented in Washington by the Office of Strategic Services, including the "Hedy Lamarr Panic Creator," made me laugh longer than I have laughed for ages. Highly readable and re-readable.

—R. G. G. PRICE

SENTIMENT AND CRUELTY

T. F. Powys. H. Coombes. *Barrie and Rockliff*, 18/-

There was a lot that was interesting about T. F. Powys, but there was a lot of whimsy-whamsy and that mixture of cruelty and sentimentality that so often go together and he never quite got over an adolescent liking for shocking people just for the fun of shocking them. His undisguised love was for nature. For God and religion and the Bible he had, one might, I think, say an obsession rather than a love. Like so many parsons' sons he could never get away from them and could never talk in other than their language. As to what he really thought, as to why he combined his flagrantly unorthodox views with an attendance at church services so unrelenting as to resemble rather a dipsomaniac's visit to the pub than any normal religious devotion, neither Mr. Coombes nor any of T. F. Powys's relatives can quite explain it, and I suspect that the reason is that T. F. Powys did not know himself. He was a rum chap and in his writing he made things unnecessarily difficult just for the fun of being provoking. If he is not much remembered to-day, to do him justice I do not believe that he would have cared a fig. Mr. Coombes has written an interesting book, but he does not quite get across and I shall be surprised if it brings in a Powys revival. —CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



A CLOWN'S SAGA

A Rose by Any Other Name. Anthony Carson. *Methuen*, 15/-

This loosely-connected series of short reminiscent stories, quite a few of which appeared in *Punch*, forms a kind of rough autobiography, though as most of the incidents in them are clearly outrageous exaggerations, if not downright taradiddles, it is not likely to be much use to any future student of Mr. Carson's life. This hardly matters, since, if it is not the most truthful, it must be the funniest autobiography for many years. Mr. Carson has an enviable faculty for assembling everything amusing from his life, forgetting the rest, and putting it down with such art that it reads as though it were wholly spontaneous.

—B. A. YOUNG

CREDIT BALANCE

White Man's Shoes. Olaf Ruhen. *Macdonald*, 15/-.

Respectworthy attempt to encompass great questions in a short, exciting novel. Under tutelage of Australian government, Pacific island pearl-fishers play out whole drama of economic history in a generation. Alliance of bureaucrat and native entrepreneur against ineffectual missionary. Technique not quite up to ambitious theme, but well worth reading on several levels, not least as adventure story.

The Winston Affair. Howard Fast. *Methuen*, 15/-.

Exciting, if at times slightly portentous, drama about defending officer

in wartime American court-martial. Client has shot British N.C.O. Top brass want conviction in interests of international friendship. Unconvincing amorous interlude but court scene fine.

Unusual Locomotives. Ernest F. Carter. *Frederick Muller*, 21/-.

A valuable account of experimental and eccentric locomotives, which covers such extremes as the "Great Bear" of the old Great Western and "Tiny," a 7 ft. 7 in. locomotive, built for inter-shop work at Crewe, where also worked another midget called "Dickie," whose photograph supplies the strangest illustration.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE





FOR WOMEN

Tapping the Line Fantastic

WELL, I was stuck with him you see . . .

No. He was quite nice-looking, in a tired kind of way, tall and sleepy-eyed. But he didn't *dance*. It didn't stop him from asking for every dance, though. We just stood there on the edge of the floor, him with his arms around me and looking as if he were about to start off at the beginning of the next bar, until the man on the stage said "Thank you." Then we sat down again . . .

No. He said he didn't approve of dancing. He said it was a waste of energy . . .

Well, it was certainly *different*. It's the very first time I've ever been asked for every dance and yet never danced a step . . .

No, strangely enough, I didn't really mind. I didn't get as tired as I normally do. It was as well, too . . .

Well, no. But he asked if he could see me home. Well, you know my rule. I don't let anyone take me home until second meeting, and we don't kiss the first time I'm walked home. But he was *different*. He was so lazy, I was sure I'd have no trouble with him . . .

Well, you know me—my brother's sparring partner at ten and in the school team. I can hold my own with most . . .

No, I know I don't look beefy. I wouldn't have to keep in practice if I did . . .

Yes, I know. It's awful, isn't it. There are times when I don't think I'll ever marry. I'll find myself fighting my husband off in my sleep . . .

Did she? Just like her! . . .

You can tell, though, can't you? . . .

Oh, yes. Well, he didn't actually

walk me home. He had a car and we went in that . . .

No, nothing like that. Just an ordinary sort of car, black with chrome fittings. All sorts of gadgets he'd got, to save himself the bother of doing this, that or the other . . .

Yes, quite in character . . .

Well, no. You see, we were early, so we went for a little drive. Well, we parked by Hollock's Wood, you know . . .

Not me, no. I could have handled him easily before breakfast . . .

No, I'm trying to tell you. We sat and talked a bit, mainly about ways of saving energy . . .

No, he *hadn't* a one-track mind, to do him justice. It was just the main topic. We had branches, but we seemed to keep coming back to this . . .

Well, yes, he put his arm round me. Not really round me, though, he just propped it along the seat behind me . . .

I'm *trying* to tell you. He dropped me the line about me being different, a good companion with a sense of humour. Then he asked me, quite casually, if I'd marry him . . .

Well, no. You see, I had a preview of all the years I would spend being up first and making the early-morning tea, to say nothing of picking up all the things that had dropped from his tired fingers. I couldn't quite imagine the nights, though. Would I tuck him up in his little bed, him fighting me off, or what? So I said sorry, but no . . .

Well, I needed that energy to walk home . . .

No. I was upset. When I said No, he just said "Ah well. Should we go home?" I felt so *humiliated*. Normally when I refuse an offer of marriage they try the next best thing, and if I've refused the "next best thing" I'm offered marriage. But I don't think he was even interested in me. He'd probably tossed up to find out whether he should buy a washing-up machine or get married . . .

Well, I told him I didn't want to go home yet, and he said "Well, I do. You can stay here if you like." And with that he opened the door for me. I was so surprised . . .

It isn't funny! Now I've got him on the brain. I can't forget him . . .

Well, you might show a bit of sympathy. — TERESA BALDWINSON

The Button Box

BEING a prime example of the between-wars gift biscuit-casket, a sumptuous receptacle lacquered in wood-grain and bearing on the lid a jolly picture of ragged poor breaking the ice of a pond to get drinking-water, our button-box puts you in historical mood before you even open it and see our button collection, which has been in the family much longer than the box has. Let me scabble out for you a very early specimen, a delicately-painted miniature of a shepherdess, rimmed with brilliants and holes and mounted on a cut jet medallion. Hasp missing, but a real touch of the old gracious. One imagines

it sewn somewhere to an S-shaped figure clutching a muff and trotted alongside by these genuine if tarnished sailor buttons. Yes, they *are* a temptation, but if you reached for the metal polish every time you opened this box you'd never get the beds made.

Cut steel clusters; whorls of velvet tubing; hunks of fur; silver wire filigree; embossed angel-heads; lumps of reindeer-horn, domes of shiny brown leather with strips as neatly interfolded as cabbage leaves—we're still in the craftsman period but moving forward. I remember these leather buttons on my first camel-hair coat, a fine belted

thing with tabbed cuffs and of course these buttons, which no camel-hair coat was genuine without. And I do wish I remembered the garment that was joined to this enormous concave transparent block eddying orange stripes. A lot of these buttons are equally hilarious, mad parallelograms flashed across by chromium lightning, black-and orange hexagons, rainbow Chelsea buns. I'd put them all down to the gay nineteen-twenties, that pre-plastic age when it was being whispered that a lot of the clever buttons about were made of *milk*.

Milk must also have fashioned the little buttons I've just raked through. They look nutritious but how dreary, these grooved discs and stamped-out two-holed platelets that weigh nothing in the hand. They're the buttons one used, more automatically than now, to cut off ready-made clothes with a shudder. Much more fun are the wistful relics, the self-covereds cut from a green woollen suit, a beloved red *sat*in blouse, imagine, and a coat I once watched the *Boat Race* in—ah, you don't get wool like that these days.

You don't get pillow-case buttons either—round linen things with torn-off tufts at the back. Or microscopic mother-of-pearl buttons for doing up pink chiffon pants. Or perforated steel—no, sorry, that's the inside of a watch. But you *do* get, if you're lucky enough to have access to this button-box, a silver-mounted enamelled Bird of Paradise medallion that would look smashing on *something* if only—where's the metal-polish? —ANGELA MILNE

Next Time, Try Nylon, Mrs.

WHEN with a thousand blended stones

we drape our necks and gird our bones,
we know that, given one slight tweak,
cascading in a rainbow streak,
the lot will go.

No use to scabble on the floor.

Oh no—

Just hope that when the zip's undone,
a relic glittering like the sun
will bounce out gaily at our feet—
the bit of golden clasp and chain
that didn't give out under strain.

—D. I. M.

Mesmerism

THERE is a hypnotist in New York who casts his spell upon those who are over-weight until they turn with loathing from fattening foods. He is Dr. Lawrence B. Winkelstein of Mt. Vernon, and recently he conducted an experiment in which forty-two hefty ladies took part. He tried to persuade them that they hated rich and/or over-abundant food and drink, and each lost, during a fourteen-week period, some twenty-seven pounds—a gross total of 1,124 pounds among the lot. And all without pain.

"Only women who appeared easily suggestible under hypnosis" took part in the study, apparently. This leaves one wondering what will happen when they return to normal living. On all

sides, from magazines, newspapers, TV screens, bill-boards, and bus and subway posters, they will again be subjected to the usual barrage of concentrated counter-suggestion, creating in their minds a stream of urgent images evoking hunger. As for the supermarkets and their displays, one need only walk down an aisle to gain several pounds through osmosis.

Ah, well, they can always fall back on the Looking Glass Slenderizing Salon at John Wanamaker's Store in Westchester County. This specially designed mirror permits the wistful customer to see herself as whatever size she selects. For a size 14 reflection she pushes Button 14; for size 16, Button 16. Perhaps they are *that* suggestible.

—WINIFRED WILLIS



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